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# The Sketch.



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# The Sketch

No. 1198 —Vol. XCIII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



FRAMED BY HER SKIRT: MISS LAURA GUERITE, WHO IS IN "OH! LA, LA!" AT THE QUEEN'S.

The revue, "Oh! la, la." was produced at the Queen's Theatre, on Boxing Day. In it Miss Laura Guerite goes in more particularly for rag-time, and is also

very good, in company with Mr. Jack Norworth, in a little sketch, "This is Life."—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]



# PHRYNETTE'S. LETTERS.

SLANG AND SENTIMENT.



# TO LONELY. SOLDIER.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.  
(Author of "Phrynette and London" and  
"Phrynette Married.")

WHAT children you are! Oh, yes; in spite of all your bigness, your prowesses and promotions, your service and your stars. Fancy tossing between you who should write to me! Well, do you consider that you have lost or won, candid Captain, by being the one?

*Je m'amuse!* To-day I went to luncheon at Dora's, and her big brother was there, just taut from the trenches, and, he said, in dire need of relaxation. When we had finished "feeding," as you say in English (it has a zoological sound, hasn't it?), the big brother drawled out between two puffs at his cigar, "I say, kids" (we all pricked our ears—Dora, her twins, and me), "who comes to a matinée with me?" We all yelled, and jumped on his knees and ruffled his hair—at least, I yelled with the others; but, of course, I did not sit on his knees, nor ruffle his hair, then. I never did—but especially not then, with Dora looking on. She thinks there is

nobody like her big brother, and she spoils him dreadfully—as only an Englishwoman can spoil a man. I was not going to help her in that!

"Where shall we go, Bob?" she asked; and the children shrieked, "Oh, Uncle Bob, let's go to 'Peter Pan'!" Dora wanted to go again to "Tina"—I know why. Between ourselves, Dora is "gone" on Godfrey Tearle, like any simple matinée flapper: it seems that not even Alexander the Great (but not the Greek!) ever achieved so many silent conquests.

I said that "The Pedlar of Dreams" was a title after my own heart; and

Big Brother Bob said he would take us to the Hippodrome.

It was not like him to say "no" to anybody—that's why he was dragged twice in the Divorce Court, poor, big-hearted Bob.

I knew there was something in the air, and there was! Beautiful Miss Shirley Kellogg was in the air—literally, I mean. She is wafted to and fro above your head on a swing, and her feet are, as you know, a most interesting pair, and her ankles are worthy of her feet. Only she chose to be most discreet in this particular scene! But you should have seen the men in the stalls! I was glad I had come, just to watch them. Bob was looking heavenward, and I was looking at Bob, as Dante said of Beatrice. I suppose the looking up was trying to the muscles of the throat, for you could almost hear the men swallowing. As for their expression—why, my limited English leaves me helpless; but if you have ever watched your pet dog while offering him a juicy, luscious bone—not too bony; or if you have ever seen a donkey with a tender pink carrot dangling in front of him—well, then you can imagine what Bob and all the other men there looked like!

After the show we had a ripping tea, and Dora took the twins home while Big Bob and I were playing blind man's buff in Bond Street. I did not know men were so interested in shops before; but Bob stopped at every jeweller's window, and when we

arrived to the last he coughed awkwardly, gave a big tug at his khaki collar, and asked, in the queer way you men talk, "I say, Phrynette, what should a chap choose nowadays?"

????

"Well, I mean—hang it all, you know what I mean, don't you?"

?????

"... Supposing a chap likes a girl and all that sort of thing, don't you know, what would she be likely to like, d'you think?"

"To be told, I suppose!"

"No, no—yes, I mean, of course. But suppose—suppose he'd like to give somebody something, a jewel, a souvenir, or that kind of rot, fashionable, don't you know, what about a brooch, this tortoise in diamonds—what d'you think?"

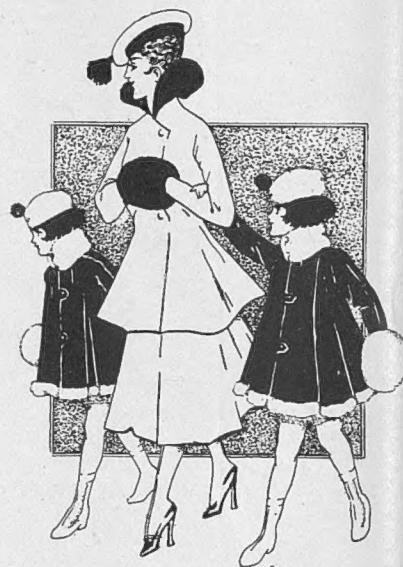
And he pointed to an antediluvian thing that a cook wouldn't look at!

"Oh no, Bob, so slow! Why, it came out of Noah's Ark! If you'd like to give somebody some thing—it's not for your Colonel, by any chance, is it?—well, if it is a girl, I think she'd like a black moiré bracelet with her initials, or her whole name, in diamonds scrawling over it."

Bob wanted to go in and ask "the brute" about it. "The brute" was as inoffensive a jeweller-man as ever guarded himself behind a counter.

But "the brute" was already ordering the shutters to be put up, so Bob will go back to-morrow. If any lucky girl can spell her name on her wrist a few days hence, she may thank me for the suggestion. (I wonder who she can be?)

Aunt Barbara tells me that nowadays everything I say, or listen to, over the telephone is overheard—horrible thought! I do not know whether she says that because she holds that discretion is the better part of virtue or because it is really true. Anyway, I like it not at all. Bobby (Bobby is Bob of last week) said that since the war the Exchange officials are like that fellow in the Mythology—what was it?—who had a hundred eyes, only it is ears, don't you know, especially when it is foreigners that 'phone. I pointed out that my English was not as bad as all that, and he said that was just it—that it was too good, that my g's were such a mouthful, and that unless I got a little bit more easy and slangy nobody would ever take me for an Englishwoman; not that (however, the rest is



"Dora took the twins home."

irrelevant). I said it used to be great fun 'phoning, because the man—the person, I mean—at the other end couldn't see whether you were smiling or just meant it or (however, that also is irrelevant), and Bobby did not seem to like it. He proposed to teach me slang, and we took our first lesson in the Park the other morning.

He says he is greatly qualified as a slang-master, and prides himself on the fact that he can understand everything his men say.

And he says that now women are working side by side with men they must learn to understand them, that he has no use for priggish prudes, but they must differentiate be-

tween the slang as it is spoken and the slang as it is spoken—in Whitechapel! I replied politely I trusted his teaching implicitly, and he said that his leave was short, but that if I would write to



"And she spoils him dreadfully—as only an Englishwoman can spoil a man."



him when he goes away he will teach me by correspondence, and, if I find slang too difficult, to write in English, or French, or "jolly well anyhow."

We spent such a pleasant morning. I love slang! It was not raining just then—a providential dispensation for earnest students. Pretty women were riding past, neat, well-groomed, and healthy-looking, in well-fitting habits. I liked the brown ones particularly. Bobby said he did not think riding astride tended to develop grace in very young girls. We counted twelve flappers, from five to fifteen, all astride. I think it's far the best method, else you develop a hip higher than the other. And though the bustles are said to be coming in again next month—so Mme. Frou-Frou tells me—they won't last for ever.

Then, in the evening, Bobby took me to the theatre to continue our lesson. We went to the St. James's—Shakespeare not particularly slangy, what? But, you see, Marjorie Patterson was there, playing Jessica in "The Merchant of Venice," and Bobby, who had met her some time ago at a fancy dress ball (where she went as a Faun, and looked *It*), was very keen to see her again. She looked very attractive as the Hebrew Maiden with the red hair and long ear-rings. But it is the second time Bobby takes me to the theatre to stare at other girls, and he almost says as much! "Yous," Englishmen, are not diplomats! So I wanted to pique him too, and I looked long and languorously at Lorenzo, and then I whispered laboriously to Bobby, close to his ear (so that nobody could hear), "I-have-use-for-the-long-cove-in-the-red-pants!"

Bobby suddenly exploded in the neck of the lady in the front stall, who said "Hushshsh!" indignantly.

"Oh, you," began Bobby—I suppose he was going to add "apt pupil!" but the lady had us under her stern stare and Shylock had drawn his big knife, and so we sat up and behaved.

Speaking of "Soovayneer," Bobby is responsible for the little following story fresh from the front. Part I.—It was after one of those cheery little bachelor (perforce) parties "yous" manage to have somehow over there, between a *hors d'œuvre* of bullets and a dessert of shells. A very young Captain who was a great favourite with the villagers, and especially the villageresses, had ventured to run along a very risky road to the hamlet and fetch something less cold than trench-water for the feast. He came back late, battered and bruised, but very "gay," holding in one arm, treasured against his heart, the remnants of several broken bottles, and in his other hand a—door-knocker. You know, one of those quaint French knockers—a hand holding a ball. He was at a stage in which reproaches are superfluous, but his companions could not refrain asking him "Why the door-knocker?" "Souvenir," hiccupped the Captain.

Part II.—Quite lately Bobby called on Randa, who happens to be the venturesome and aforesaid very junior Captain's fiancée.

"Jack says this," she said, "and Jack thinks that—Jack wrote this and Jack sent that," and the last "that" proved—to Bobby's amusement—the famous door-knocker, or one very similar, which had made the dug-out diners so curious!

"It is not much to look at," Randa said, with a pretty show of pride, "but it is a most interesting souvenir, really. D'you know, Jack said that the Germans had taken a little village, and then Jack and the others *also*, I suppose" (note the noble, the generous admission of the *also*!) "took back the village from them; and as Jack was about to enter a house full of the enemy—after knocking politely—a bomb exploded, blowing up the whole house, and all that was left of it was this door-knocker that Jack sent me, and the dear boy never got hurt, not even flustered, but just kept his grip on it. Is not it miraculous?" It is.

This other short story Meg is responsible for. As I have told you, Meg is a nurse when Charity Bridge, Beef-Tea Tournament, New-Laid-Eggs Competitions, and Wounded Soldiers Theatricals will let her. Well, the other day, it seemed, there had been a slump in anything else but soldiers, and Meg was manicuring one of them, quite a nice young private with curly hair—a young poet who had enlisted—and in the next bed was a pretty bad case: a poor soldier

man who had come back minus one leg, minus one arm, minus one ear and one eye. His wife was by the bedside, and this is what Meg heard her say, "Still, I would have liked if you 'ad brought me a souvenir from France, Bill." Answered Bill to his Missus, "Ain't I a soovayneer?"

Lady Farthinghale, fat, flushed, and flurried, ran in for a few minutes yesterday. As I saw her ensconcing herself within an armchair and licking her lips, I scented gossip. "Oh, my dear," she said,

"it is Gretna Green all over again! Only people don't run away and hide—they just do as they please—a most extraordinary condition of affairs: it's all because of the war, all kinds of apparently impossible people are marrying. Women of fifty are marrying young men—Romance has come into its own again. Before the war many people were inclined to make out specifications of what they considered a suitable partner. Occasionally they got swept off their feet, but comparatively rarely. Now they are doing the maddest things—love once more is shedding a glamour over people. Odd, isn't it?"

"War weddings are of the most sudden description. An engagement of a fortnight since the war has been regarded as sudden, but seemly. Soon, however, we shall get marriages arranged by telephone or telegram, just the same as invitations to a party."

"Have you heard the latest? Old Lord Grumblat has taken his youngest daughter to his heart again. You remember Flo, don't you, who married the chauffeur just before the war? Such a good-looking fellow he was" (with modest eyelids); "I noticed him myself—he was only nineteen, she was a year older. Well, her father was wild, naturally. But the young fellow was one of the first to go to the front, and covered himself with glory—got the D.S.C. or something—came back wounded, and Lord Grumblat has actually got him now at his country place, where his wife is nursing him, and the curate is teaching him Latin, and the governess French, and Lady Grumblat manners (how not to be too *polite*, you know, if he would pass for a gentleman), and his sisters-in-

law dancing, and his brothers-in-law—also wounded—shooting, golfing, riding, and how to drink without getting disgracefully drunk. And he is quite one of them, don't you know—treated as one of the family actually; and after the war he is going to be sent to Oxford at Lord Grumblat's expense. And, my dear, as the Vicar's wife wrote me, if you were to see him with his brothers-in-law, he looks the heir and they might be the beaters!"

"How very romantic! And all through his heroism and some personal magnetism, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, of course; and there are five daughters, you see—all unmarried except Flo; and with this shortage of husbands, and all this tremendous social-leveilling war—why, it is worse than a revolution almost, Phrynette; and this young chauffeur person is quite a devoted husband, it seems."

"Yes; and then you forget a little fact that may be another reason, Lady Farthinghale. Lord Grumblat's eldest daughter, Flo's sister, has struck out for herself, and the shock seems to have brought back the old man to his senses."

"Oh, what did she do?"

"She became a chauffeuse! *Il n'y a pas de sot métier!*"

"Any simple *matinée* flapper."



"We took our first lesson in the Park."



"And all that sort of thing, don't you know."



"The bustles are said to be coming in."





## NURSES AND A KNIGHT-VOLUNTEER'S WIFE: WAR-LADIES.



1. TRAINING AS A NURSE: LADY EVELYN KING, DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY LOVELACE.

2. TRAINING AS A NURSE: LADY PHYLLIS KING, DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY LOVELACE.

3. WIFE OF AN ANTARCTIC-EXPLORER-VOLUNTEER: LADY MAWSON.

The Ladies Evelyn and Phyllis King are the eldest and second of the three daughters of the Earl and Countess of Lovelace, and are training assiduously for the work of tending the wounded.—Lady Mawson is the wife of Sir Douglas Mawson, D.Sc., B.E., the well-known geographer and Lecturer in Geology in the University, Adelaide. He was born at Bradford, Yorkshire, and educated at Sydney University. He was

appointed to the Scientific Staff of Sir Ernest Shackleton's Antarctic Expedition, 1908, and commanded the Australasian Antarctic Expedition, 1911-14. He will now probably command a company of field engineers, and so put his scientific attainments at the service of the Empire. Lady Mawson was, at the time of her marriage, in 1914, Miss Paquila Delprat.—[Photographs by Sarony, Vandyh, and Lafayette.]



"A PAIR OF KNICKERBOCKERS"—AND A SKIRT.



*In Mr. Eden Phillpotts' Problem-Farce: Miss Kyrle Bellew and Mr. Arthur Bouchier,  
at the London Coliseum.*

Miss Kyrle Bellew and Mr. Arthur Bouchier are here seen as they appear in Mr. Eden Phillpotts' problem-farce, "A Pair of Knickerbockers," which is being given at the

London Coliseum, and has been on tour very successfully. The piece has cheered many a wounded soldier in the hospitals of the various provincial towns visited.

*Photographs by Bacon.*





"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

# MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD  
(*"Chicot"*).

## The Motts.

Do you know the Motts? I mean, of course Katherine Mott and Jordan Mott. They have sprung into fame. Their names have been crackled out by wireless all over the world. In Germany, little children murmur blessings on Katherine and Jordan as they sink to slumber. Before long, doubtless, they will be hammering tin-tacks into Katherine and Jordan. There will be Mott rag-dolls, and Mott teapots, and Mott beer-mugs. Not to know the Motts, therefore, is to argue yourself behind the times. And the Motts did it so easily. They did it in ten minutes, at a cost of something under two pounds. It was just an inspiration. Jordan took a cable-form, and Katherine looked over his shoulder, and they concocted the message that uplifted Germany and set the wireless crackling like thorns under a pot. Here it is—

"Telegram from New York to his Majesty the German Emperor, Berlin.

"The name of Napoleon fades before the prowess of your mighty deeds, Sir. May 1916 bring to the world that peace which for years we have had the high honour of hearing your Majesty insist upon, and may God guide and bless you, Sir.

(Signed) "KATHERINE and JORDAN MOTT, Rotz Hotel."

I do not myself know the Rotz Hotel, but that is the name given in my daily paper, and it seems just the sort of hotel which would suit Mr. and Mrs. Mott.

## Wicked Durham.

But, when the Motts talk in that lofty way about the prowess of the German Emperor's mighty deeds, it shows that they are not in absolute touch with English affairs. We all know of the German Emperor's mighty deeds in Belgium, but the Motts do not know, and a good many other people do not know, that those mighty deeds have been emulated, if not surpassed, in England. And, of all the unlikely places in England, in Durham! In the beautiful, sleepy, dreamy, stately city and county of Durham?

My authority for this statement is Archdeacon Watkins. If the Archdeacon has been correctly reported, he said that "as Sheriff's chaplain he had heard from the Bench of bestiality and degradation in the county of Durham which was as bad as any of the German atrocities."

What do you think of that? There must be something very pernicious in the air of the county of Durham. Or is it possible that the good Archdeacon does not quite realise what happened in Belgium, and is inclined to magnify the errors that go forward in his own county? Because people do that. I have heard a street in a Surrey village described, by a lady living in the village, as the "worst street in Europe." I went and had a look at it. If that street was the worst street in Europe, the big European cities have a good deal to learn in the way of keeping up appearances. For the street in question, day and night, had the most innocent air imaginable.

## For Elderly German Gentlemen.

I do not envy the feelings of the latest German and Austrian recruits. These recruits, of course, having retired from business and settled down to serious beer-drinking, have now been dragged from their villas, forced into tight uniforms, and

compelled to perform the goose-step for six hours daily. That is all very well. That might be healthy for them.

But what of their feelings when they read—if they are allowed to read—of the new Russian armies? This is the sort of thing—

"Russia will shortly have under arms a magnificent army of young men, numbering 4,000,000, against whom the elderly Germans and Austrians now being recruited will stand no chance."

"No chance." That is not a very pleasant phrase to digest.

## Dr. Darby Retires.

I read, with interest and sympathy, of the retirement of Dr. Darby. For twenty-seven years, Dr. Evans Darby has been secretary of the Peace Society. During that time he has attended every international peace congress but two. Now he is retiring from the business of keeping the peace of the world, and handing over the secretaryship to a younger man.

I think he is right. Keeping the peace of Europe is no light job. It is certainly a job that must keep a man on the alert. At

any moment a serious war might break out. You never know. You have to be at the office of the Peace Society quite by ten o'clock if you wish to preserve the peace of Europe, and you must not leave a moment before six. Not a moment. There is even danger in protracting your luncheon-hour. What an awful thing it would be if the secretary of the Peace Society, on returning to his office after a peaceful game of dominoes, were to be met on the doorstep by an excited typist exclaiming, "There! Now you've been and gone and done it! I kept them on the telephone as long as I could, but they would not wait no longer! The Kaiser's gone and declared war with France!"



FULL OF LIFE, IN SPITE OF HER RUMOURED DEATH AND A ROUGH CHANNEL PASSAGE! MME. SARAH BERNHARDT ARRIVING AT THE SAVOY HOTEL IN AN INVALID-CHAIR FOR HER COLISEUM FORTNIGHT.

Mme. Bernhardt arrived in London on the 2nd after a rough crossing from Havre. In the photograph she is seen leaving her car, in an invalid-chair, at the entrance to the Savoy Hotel. In spite of the journey, and the fatigues of rehearsal, she received a number of visitors at the hotel later in the day, when she looked in the best of health and talked with her accustomed verve.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

## President Wilson in Leash.

The sinking of the *Persia* has roused all the tiger in President

Wilson. I am told that he can hardly be restrained. He is foaming at the mouth. He is *quite determined* not to put up with this sort of thing. In plain words, he WILL NOT HAVE IT! No, no, no, no, no!

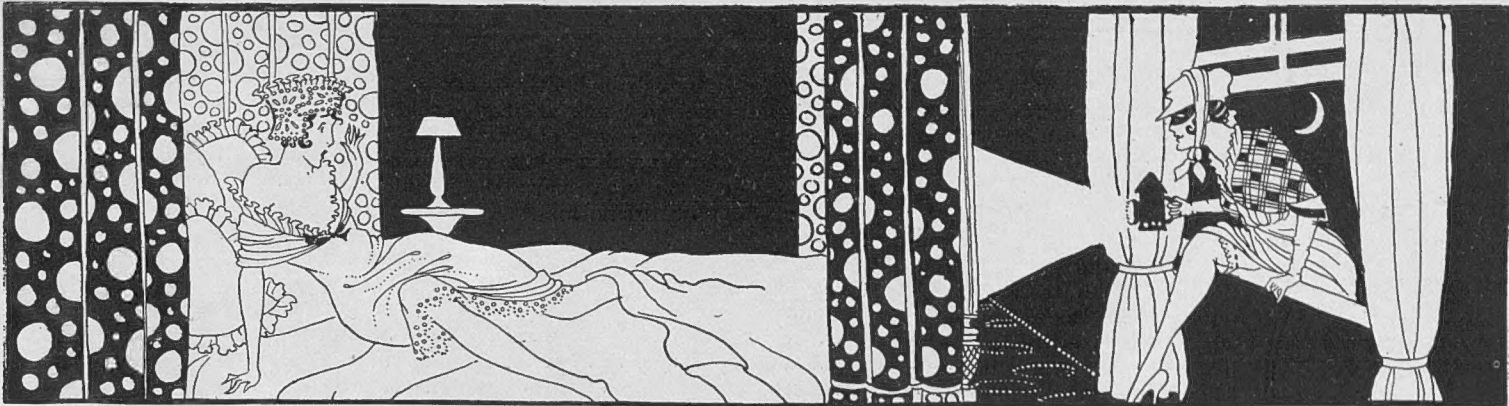
You ask, "What is he doing about it?" I will tell you. He is doing something pretty definite about it, something that will make the Germans blanch. He is finding out about it! He is going to have all the information collected, analysed, parsed, sorted, X-rayed, skimmed, skinned, and perforated. He is going to get together more information about the sinking of the *Persia* than any man ever had yet about anything. He will probably have her refloated, and a photograph taken of the hole made by the torpedo. He will thoroughly examine the luncheon-menu, and see if there was any ingredient in the soup for that day which could, by any possible chance, have led to the outrage.

When all this has been done, the President is going to draft a letter to Germany. It will be a long letter, full of pith and point. There will not be a single grammatical error in that letter. The language will be faultless. The whole world will say, "That letter is very nicely written." Posterity will reverence that letter for the purity of the style.

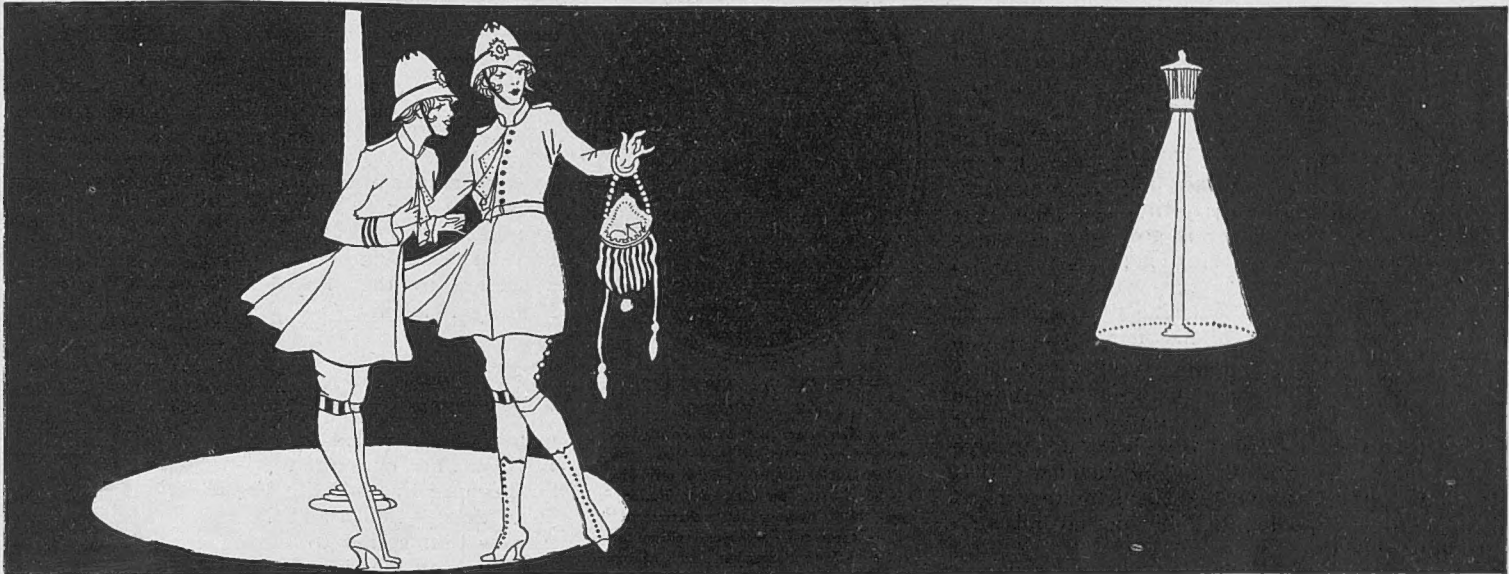
As for the Germans, they also will reverence the purity of the style, and they will beg for another letter by sinking another liner.



MORALS OF MACKENZIE : NIGHT BIRDS — WAR STYLE.



THE BURGLAR.



THE POLICE-WOMEN.



THE CLUB GIRLS.



# SMALL TALK

THE last time I saw the new Peeress, wife of Mr. D. A. Thomas, she was quietly facing a still quieter magistrate at Bow Street. She had been arrested, with Mr. Laurence Housman and one or two other literary Suffrage people, for a very mild breach of the law in Trafalgar Square—a mere polite formality, as things go, entered upon as a protest against some rather unkind action taken against the Suffragettes by the Home Secretary. The only witness she called was her husband, who rose to testify to the excellence of her character as a wife and companion. Then the quiet magistrate bound her over to keep the peace, and, as she pleasantly refused to be bound over, she was kept in custody for at least two hours. Such was one incident in a campaign which we used to regard as frantic and frightful.

*Sir Thomas.* "When he strokes his beard and looks particularly tired, you know that he is going to say something particularly startling; when he's most lackadaisical expect one of his most devastating musical mots." Such is one picture of Sir Thomas Beecham, who would not

ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN ERIC LONG: MISS GWENDOLYN HAGUE COOK.

Miss Gwendolyn Hague Cook is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Hague Cook, of 46, Portman Square. Captain Eric Long is the second son of the Right Hon. Walter Long, P.C., President of the Local Government Board, and M.P. for the Strand Division, and Lady Doreen Long, the fourth daughter of the ninth, and sister of the present Earl of Cork and Orrery.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

figure on the Honours List if there were not a large stock of energy beneath the languid manner. It is quite in the picture to find his friends more excited than he is about his somewhat unexpected but well-earned knighthood.

*A Cunarder.* The indifferent manner is allowed in a musician. If Sir Thomas ever seems to withdraw his attention from the conversation of those about him, we may suppose he

is working out a theme, or dreamily conducting an opera of the imagination. Oblivious to his hostess's grouping of her guests (I am thinking in particular of an afternoon at Lady Cunard's), Sir Thomas will stroll off to the piano, and there engage the whole time and attention of the most musical of the Ambassadors at the Court of St. James's, even though both gentlemen may well have duties to perform nearer that real centre of gravity—or frivolity—the tea-table.

*Not Very Quietly.* The marriage of Lord Granby and Miss Tennant "will take place at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on Thursday, Jan. 27." "Will take place very quietly" is now the usual formula, but neither the Tennants nor the Rutlands see much point in adopting it in this case. Lord Granby and his bride would have to go to an

extremely hole-in-a-corner sort of place if they really wanted a very quiet wedding, or they would have to be married secretly, which is a sure way of offending a host of people for whom weddings and funerals are the milestones by which they count the passage of years and mark the stability of old family friendships.

## A Kitchener Memory.

for Mr. Daniel Peploe belongs to the 20th Hussars. Her father won his wife on the playing-fields of Australia during his Captaincy of an English Eleven, but not, even then, without the shedding of blood.

Lady Dorothy Bligh's engagement must be added to the war list, A fast ball cut his hand, and afterwards he married the young lady who proffered her handkerchief for bandage. A few years ago Lady Dorothy's brother married the daughter of Captain Frost, known to Army people as Jack Frost. Lord Kitchener has very lively memories of Captain Frost's father as the crammer who prepared him for examination for admission to the Royal Military Academy.

## The Coming of Cynthia.

Out of the four bridesmaids who attended Miss Bovill at her marriage to Sir Leonard Lucas-Tooth two were Joans—the Hon. Joan Sclater-Booth and Miss Joan Burdon. It is a name that seems to belong particularly to the generation of marriageable maidens, just as Cynthia belongs particularly to a still younger "class." A few years ago Lady Cynthia Graham stood alone; to-day the cradles are full of her namesakes.

## WIFE OF A NEW PEER: LADY FARINGDON.

Lady Henderson, now Lady Faringdon, before her marriage was Miss Jane Ellen Davis, daughter of the late Mr. J. W. Davis. Sir Alexander Henderson, M.P., upon whom a Barony has been conferred, proposes taking the title of Lord Faringdon. One of his seats, Buscot Park, is in Berkshire. The new Peer is Chairman of the Great Central Railway.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Everybody is Cynthia now—if everybody means, as it is apt to do, the baby.

## The Major's Bottle.

Lord Charles Beresford bids good-bye to the Commons with some regrets. He has enjoyed the excitements of the House, even in its most intense moments. Its ways have become the habit of half a lifetime. He entered Parliament six months before Major Winston Churchill was born—or, as he likes to put it, could be accounted an accomplished M.P. while Winston "was still at the business-end of a feeding-bottle." Lord Charles, in acknowledging congratulations, has declared that he regards the offer of a Barony as an honour conferred upon the Navy.

## ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN THE HON. B. M. O. S. FOLJAMBE: MISS JOYCE EDMONDSON.

Miss Joyce Edmondson is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Edmondson, of Mapperley Hall, Cheshire. Captain the Hon. Bertram Marmaduke Osbert Savile Foljambe, Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire Regiment), is the fifth son of the late Earl of Liverpool and the Dowager-Countess of Liverpool, Kirkham Abbey, York. Captain Foljambe has been mentioned in despatches, and awarded the Military Cross. The wedding is arranged for Jan. 15.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



WIFE OF A NEW BARONET: LADY BOOTH.

Lady Booth, before her marriage, was Miss Mary Blake Dwight, daughter of Mr. Edmund Dwight, of New York. Sir Alfred Allen Booth is the youngest son of the late Mr. Alfred Booth, of Liverpool, and is a member of the Royal Commission on the Civil Service. Sir Alfred Booth is Chairman of the Cunard Company, and of the Anchor Line, and Director of the Booth Steamship Company.—[Photo, by A. Ledingham.]



WIFE OF A NEW PEER: LADY RATHCREEDAN.

Lady Rathcreedan is a daughter of Sir Charles Huntingdon, M.P. Captain Cecil William Norton, Member for West Newington, now Lord Rathcreedan, is the eldest son of the late Rev. William Norton, Rector of Baltinglass, Co. Wicklow. In recent years he has been Assistant Postmaster-General and Junior Lord of the Treasury. The new peer takes his title from property in Ireland held by his family for many generations.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]



## DOMVILE - VON DER HEYDT : A SOCIETY ENGAGEMENT.



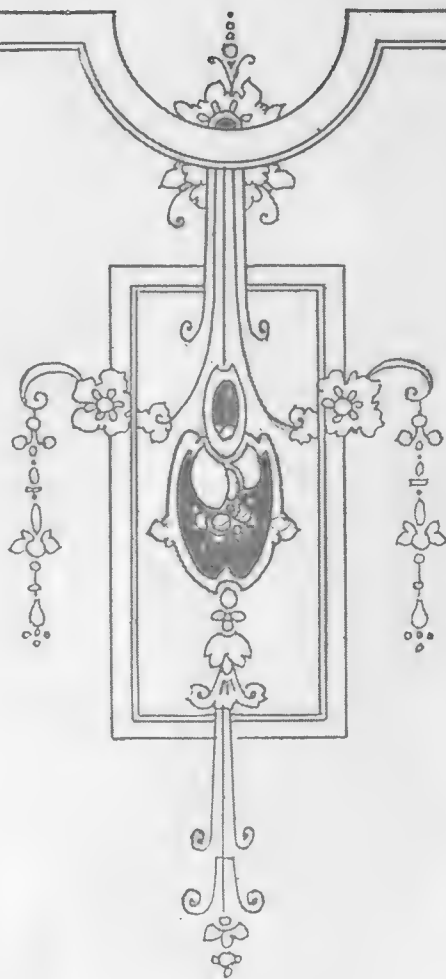
TO MARRY : MISS ALEXANDRINA VON DER HEYDT, GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE LATE RT. HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL ;  
AND CAPTAIN BARRY DOMVILE, SON OF ADMIRAL SIR COMPTON DOMVILE.

Miss Alexandrina Von der Heydt is the only daughter of Mrs. Von der Heydt, and grand-daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel and Lady Emily Peel. Sir Robert Peel was the third Baronet, and died in 1895. Lady Emily Peel is an aunt of the present Marquess of Tweeddale. Captain Barry Domville, R.N., is the eldest

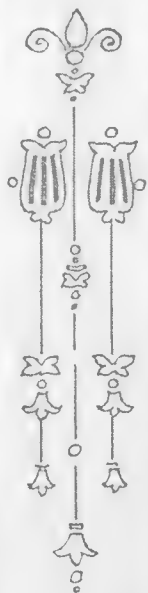
son of Admiral Sir Compton Edward Domville, G.C.B., G.C.V.O. (Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, 1902-5), and Lady Domville, who is a daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund Yates Peel. Admiral Domville entered the Navy in 1856, as a boy of fourteen.—[Photographs by Rita Martin and Lafayette.]



## "A LOVELY CROP OF GIRLS": QUEENS



THE DOVE DANCE: MISS LORNA DELLA, AND CHORUS, IN

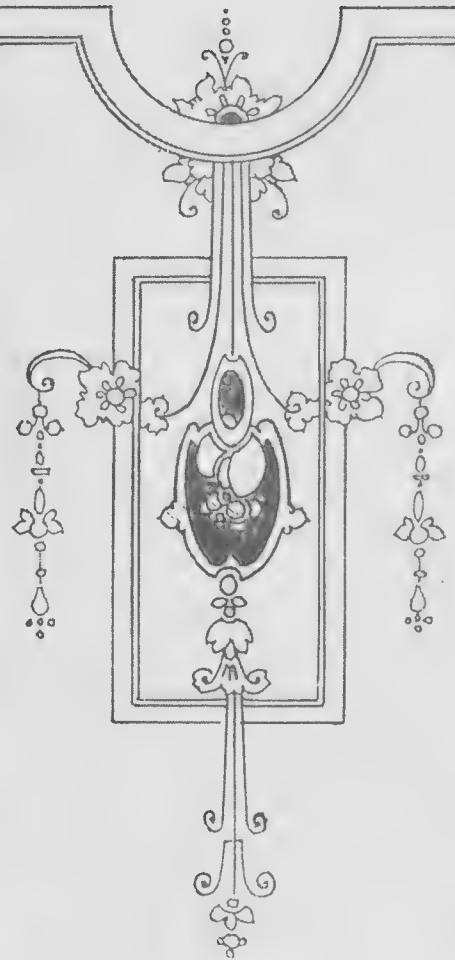


ALTOGETHER CHARMING! A GROUP OF THE CHORUS IN "OH! LA, LA!" (WITH THE EMPHASIS ON THE NOTE OF EXCLAMATION).

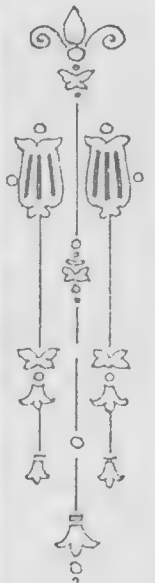
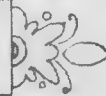
The revue at the Queen's Theatre, "Oh! La, La!" by Messrs. Norman Lee, Robert Weston, and Jack Norworth (of "Sister Susie" fame), with music and lyrics by the two latter, is a very bright and amusing show. Mr. Norworth also takes part in the piece; among his songs being a new tongue-twister that bids fair to be as popular as its predecessor, telling how "Mother's sitting knitting little mittens for the Navy; Bertha's busy bathing baby Belgian refugees." Another good song, sung by Miss Hetty King, is "A Lovely Crop of Girls," a title which, we feel sure, our readers will not consider



# OF "THE QUEEN'S," IN "OH! LA, LA!"



ATTRACTIVE ITEM OF THE NEW REVUE AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.



DELIGHTFULLY FEMININE, AS USUAL IN A WAR-TIME CHORUS: MORE OF THE "OH! LA, LA!" GIRLS AT THE QUEEN'S.

inappropriate to the above photographs. The one at the top shows an attractive dancing turn, called a Dove Dance, by Miss Lorna Della. In these war-like times the feminine chorus—always a strong feature in this type of entertainment—has come more than ever to the front, now that so many of the male members of the profession are gallantly serving their country at a different sort of front, where song and dance give place to shot and shell. That the innovation does not fail to please the audience is proved by crowded houses.—[Photographs by Wrather and Buys.]





# THE CLUBMAN

FAIR PLAY IN THE GREAT GAME: "JOCKS," "MACS," AND "JOHNNIES": PENINSULAR "BLUFF."

**Johnnie Turk.** Clean fighting leaves no animus between the fighters, and proof of this is that the splendid Colonial troops, when they withdrew from the positions they had conquered and had held for so long on the Gallipoli Peninsula, left behind them letters addressed to "Johnnie Turk" complimenting him on being a clean fighter and expressing a hope that he and they may meet again soon in battle. No doubt, Johnnie Turk would have replied in equally complimentary strain had the opportunity occurred of communication with the transports, but those transports were well on their way to another field of operations before Johnnie Turk discovered that the Anzacs were gone.

**In Crimean Days.** The "Johnnie" before the "Turk" is a reminiscence of Crimean days, when the Turk was our very good friend, and when our men landed on Turkish soil used to do much marketing from him, buying unripe fruit, amongst other commodities, which fruit kept the hospitals at Varna full. "Bono, Johnnie!" was then the invariable greeting of Jack the Handyman or Thomas Atkins to any Turk he met. "Johnnie" Turk he was as a friend, and "Johnnie" he remains as a respected enemy.

**Clean Fighting.** "Clean fighting" to a soldier means fair play in the greatest game in the world. A clean fighter does not hold up his hands and pretend to be ready to surrender, with a concealed force behind him waiting to shoot down any soldiers who advance to receive the surrendering men. A clean fighter does not make treacherous misuse of the white flag. A clean fighter does not murder prisoners or wounded enemies. A clean fighter does not use ambulance wagons marked with the Red Cross, or Red Crescent, as transport for his machine-guns. A clean fighter does not poison drinking-water. All the above-mentioned things the Germans do, but the Turks do not do, which explains why our men apply the complimentary "Johnnie" to the Turk, and can find no more flattering description than "Sossidge" for the German.

**The Jocks.** Every Scotch regiment is always "The Jocks" to any English regiment that may be lying alongside them, just as "Mac" is, in the Merchant Marine, a perfectly safe short name with which to greet any engineer. A tale is told in Hong Kong, and doubtless in every other big port, that a wager was made at the club, the maker of the bet laying his money that he would go on board every British ship in the harbour, and, shouting "Are ye there, Mac?" down into the engine-room, obtain a response. He won his bet. The Gurkhas are always "Johnnie" to their British comrades—a proof of whole-hearted admiration this; but why a Celestial is "John" Chinaman I do not know. The name was not given him by British soldiers, and there has never been any great love lost between the pigtailed and Mr. Thomas Atkins.

"The Biggest Bluff."

The withdrawal of the troops from Anzac and Suvla Bay has been described as the "biggest bluff" in the history of the war. It was successful almost beyond hope, for men who had been with the troops at Suvla and who had been invalided home all estimated our losses in thousands should the withdrawal take place, and were surprised beyond measure when they heard that scarcely a man had been wounded. But there have been even greater feats—on a smaller scale, perhaps—in days gone by, and both ourselves and the French, in Peninsular days, have sprung surprises of a similar kind on each other. Crawford and his Light Division on more than one occasion apparently held the outposts in strength throughout the night, but when morning came all the French found in front of them were some smouldering fires and some dummy sentries stuffed with straw; while Crawford and his riflemen and light infantry were a score of miles away, covering the retirement of the main body.



A BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM EACH MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES: CAPTAIN G. H. STEVENSON AND MISS GRACE D. McCRAE.

The wedding took place in Birmingham the other day of Captain G. H. Stevenson, R.A.M.C., and Miss Grace D. McCrae, both of whom have been mentioned in despatches during the Great War. Miss McCrae is a nurse, and she has been serving with the Civil Hospital Reserve in France. She is the daughter of Mrs. McCrae, of Edgbaston Road; and received her training in the Birmingham General Hospital. In 1913 she went to the Cheltenham General Hospital, and from there she went to France.

Photograph by C.N.



THE WEDDING OF MAJOR SIR ARCHIBALD LEONARD LUCAS LUCAS-TOOTH AND MISS ROSE MARY BOVILL: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM; AND THE LITTLE BRIDESMAIDS.

Sir Archibald Leonard Lucas Lucas-Tooth is the second Baronet, and was born in June 1884. He is a Major in the Honourable Artillery Company, and Lord of the Manor of Holme Lacy, Hereford. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Bovill, of Smeeth Paddocks, Ashford, Kent, and a niece of Lord Basing.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

is the best General nowadays, but no modern General could have given any wrinkles to Xenophon in marching troops through a difficult country or in defending his encampments when those troops halted for a rest.

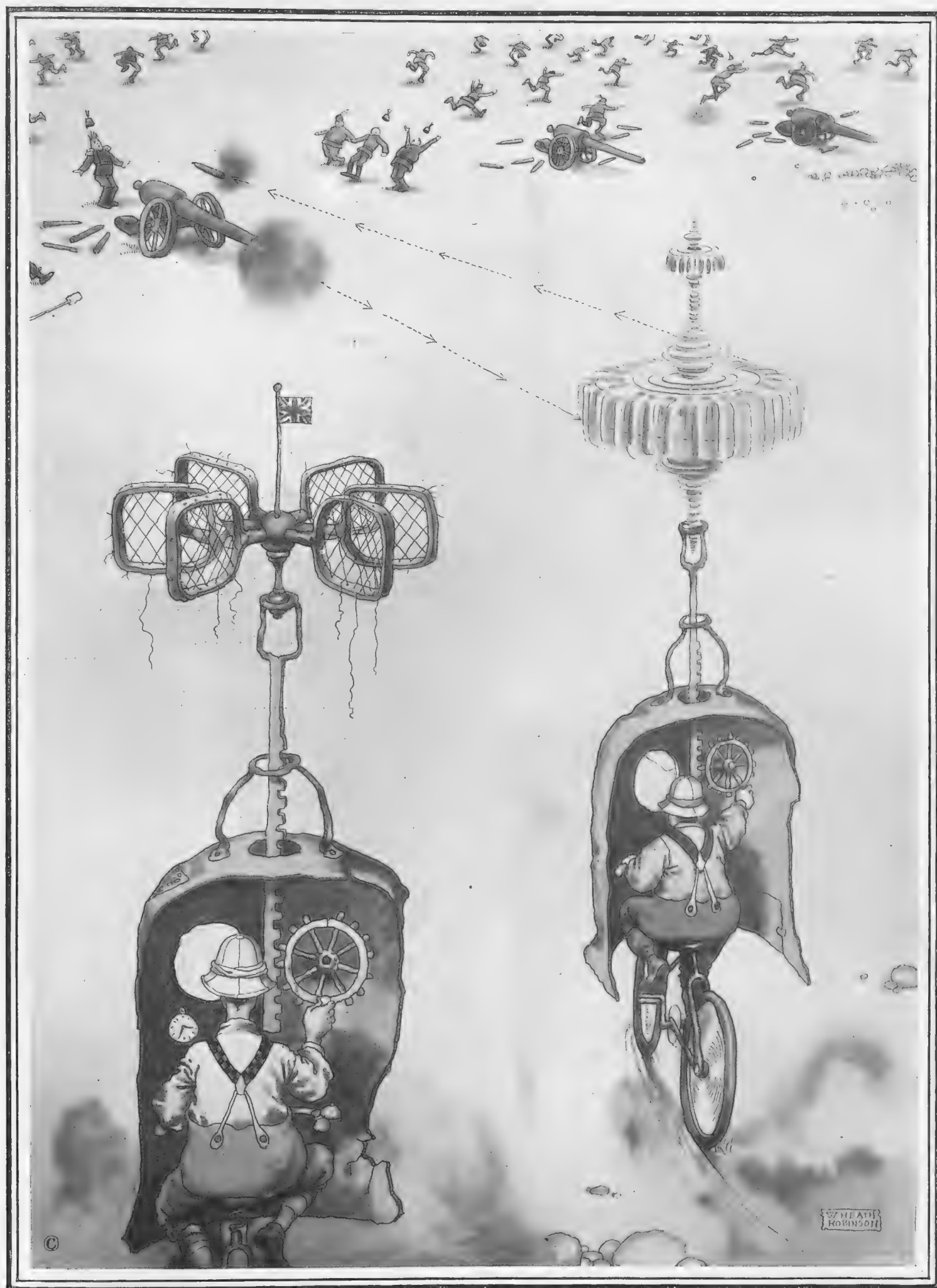
**Simplified Tactics.** The enormous masses of men engaged in this war have simplified strategy and tactics back to very early days. The great enveloping movements of the German Generals are exactly on the model of every advance of a mass of savages—indeed, Cetewayo could have taught Hindenburg something. The Germans, whenever they are brought to a standstill, dig down instead of building up—otherwise they copy faithfully the "Great Walls" of the Romans and Chinese; and Alexander of Macedon invented the phalanx, used, without acknowledgment, by Mackensen.

In the Museum at Lucerne. In the museum at Lucerne—

a museum given over in almost equal parts to the people who wish to extinguish war altogether and to the military authorities of Switzerland (who wish to show that the little Republic keeps well abreast of all the bigger nations in inventing engines of death), are a series of plans of the most celebrated battles in the heydays of Roman and Grecian military power. They are, I think, the result of lectures given to the budding Staff Officers of the Republic, but they are quite interesting as showing that the moderns have learned nothing new in tactics, and that the use of cavalry and light troops and heavy infantry in the days of Julius Caesar was very much the use that Napoleon made of the same arms. There cannot be the same finesse in movement of armed nations, which is war of to-day, as there was when the picked warriors of each nation opposed each other, and when armies were counted by tens of thousands and not by millions. The best railway general manager



*Rejected by the Inventions Board.*



VII.—THE GALLIPOLI SHELL-DIVERTER FOR RETURNING THE ENEMY'S FIRE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHT IN U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE obituary notices should be read by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu with pleasure: they are very appreciative and very interesting. But will he, in all cases, be able to guess their authorship? And will there not be a certain delicacy, among those who signed their articles "One Who Knew Him," about revealing themselves? The column and a half in the *Times* headed "John" gave an extraordinarily vivid and attractive sketch of Lord Montagu's character and achievements; but it is permitted to call a friend John or Johnnie in the *Times* only after his death. We can make a shrewd guess as to the author, and so probably can Lord Montagu; but it is a very moot point whether anything will be said about the *Times* article when the two friends meet again.

TO MARRY CAPTAIN ARTHUR L. P. WRENFORD: Mlle. SOLANGE MARIE - JOSEPH FLORIZOONE.

Mlle. Florizoone is the daughter of the late M. Auguste Florizoone and Mme. Florizoone, of Bruges. Captain Wrenford is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Leonard Wrenford, of Fleet, Hants, and is in the Worcestershire Regiment.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Fleet Street, and a somewhat lukewarm memorial paragraph was the result. A very well-known lady, too, not very long ago read her own obituary. Once, also, Lord Fitzwilliam was reported killed in the hunting-field. He was still Lord Milton at that time, and a copy of "Paradise Lost" arrived by post as soon as a contradiction of the fatality was published. When, later on, his engagement was announced, he received "Paradise Regained" from the same quarter.

*Speeding-Up.* Beaulieu itself, with its model village and placid swans, is a real haunt of ancient peace. The school-children dance Morris-dances, and the Vicar has long been a sort of Licensing Committee and Board of Control in his own proper person. Everybody in Beaulieu goes to bed at half-past nine—or is it eight?—except when revels are held at the Abbey. Then all the inhabitants, from his Lordship to the vicar and the chauffeurs, dress up, and nobody retires till midnight. But that is only once a year, at the most. A couple of years ago, Lady Helen Scott Montagu enlarged her theatrical ex-

periences at Beaulieu Abbey by taking a part at the Gaiety; and it was from the same slow, sleepy village that Lord Montagu went forth to convert the world to motors and to break the old law of speed-limits.

*A Popular Bart.* "Charlie" Russell's promotion to a baronetcy seems entirely proper. No solicitor on earth wears his hat at a more confident angle, has more friends, does more kindnesses, or required the support of a title less. Such favours seldom go to those who need them: they are the ornamental tokens of success. But, speaking professionally, it is, perhaps, satisfactory to Sir Charles to be placed, in this matter of bartship, on a par with Sir George Lewis. Sir

Charles, it will be remembered, took on himself a large share of the work connected with the great Red Cross sale at Christie's, and only lately he supported Mrs. Asquith by his debonair presence in Court during her libel case.

*From Stretcher to Cradle.*

Lord Crawford was able to be in England at the New Year, and to welcome the new baby. For him the war does not modify, nor custom stale, the interest of such an arrival. Lord and Lady Crawford have quite a large family of children, and Lord Crawford, when at work with the R.A.M.C. in France, has only to ponder

on six daughters at home to feel quite ready to accept leave when it is offered. It seems that one of the chief difficulties of being an exemplary corporal, if you are also an Earl, is to refrain from dropping hints about the desirability of holidays!

*With a Beard.*

The Countess of Stradbroke, like Lady Crawford, is one of the war mothers of the New Year. But, unlike Lord Crawford, Lord Stradbroke did not manage to make his leave coincide with the event. He is with his regiment in France. Perhaps a Peer disguised as an ordinary stretcher-bearer is more on the conscience of the authorities than a highly placed officer. Your officer lumps it with all his brother-officers; while your noble stretcher-bearer is, obviously, an exceptional case. But Lord

Crawford, it must be admitted, has for a long time past succeeded wonderfully in eluding preferential treatment. The Countess of Stradbroke, by the way, is the only lady who has contrived to look at all like Charles I. at a fancy-dress ball.

*Another Couple—With a Difference.*

Lady Borthwick's marriage with Lord Euston has sent many people back to John Evelyn's fascinating diary, where the first Duke of Grafton's wedding is described. What a change! In the first place, Evelyn disliked the manners of the bridegroom. Perhaps we may hold him excused on the point of years. He was only nine; his bride was only five, but there was a re-marriage

later, when the lady had reached the age of twelve. Some years after, the present Lord Euston's forebear distinguished himself in a naval engagement against the French off Beachy Head. "My Lord Torrington," writes the Countess of Nottingham to her father in 1690, "is very hardly spoken of. After the engagement was begun he let all lye upon the Dutch squadron, and did not engage at all with the French fleet, which squadron had certainly been quite lost but that the Duke of Grafton, who in this expedition has got immortal fame, would fight." That is the sort of letter the Censor would maul very badly if it came his way to-day.

ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT H. M. BRYANS: MISS I. C. MITCHELL.

Miss Mitchell is the daughter of Mrs. Mitchell, Thornton Hill, Wimbledon, S.W. Lieutenant Bryans is the son of Mr. A. Bryans, of Manor House, Woodmansterne, Surrey, and is in the Royal Horse Artillery.—[Photograph by Langlier.]



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN RUTHVEN CHARLES EVANS: MISS AGNES ELIZABETH CROFT.

Miss Croft resides in Markham Square, S.W. Captain Evans is in the Army Service Corps, and is now serving with the British Expeditionary Force.

Photograph by Swaine.



A MILITARY WEDDING: MRS. CYRIL DENNISS (MISS M. KENT).

The marriage of Miss M. Kent to Major Cyril Bartley Dennis took place on Jan. 7. Major Dennis is the son of Mr. Edward R. Bartley Dennis, Unionist M.P. for Oldham, and is in the Royal Artillery.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF A GREAT-WAR V.C.: BRIGADE-MAJOR J. H. S. DIMMER; AND MISS DORA BAYLEY-PARKER.

Brigade-Major J. H. S. Dimmer, King's Royal Rifle Corps, who was awarded the Victoria Cross for his gallant stand by his machine-gun at Klein Zillebeke, and has been given a Staff appointment as Brigade-Major of the 92nd Infantry Brigade, is engaged to Miss Dora Bayley-Parker, daughter of Mr. W. Bayley-Parker, of Moseley.

Photographs by Bassano and Willis, Southsea.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN E. F. EAGAR: MISS ELAINE RUSSELL.

Miss Russell is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Russell, of Pittville House, Cheltenham. Captain Eagar is the son of the late Captain E. B. Eagar, 5th Fusiliers, and of Mrs. Edward Franks, of Bishop's Cleeve, Gloucestershire, and is in the 1st Royal Berkshire Regiment.

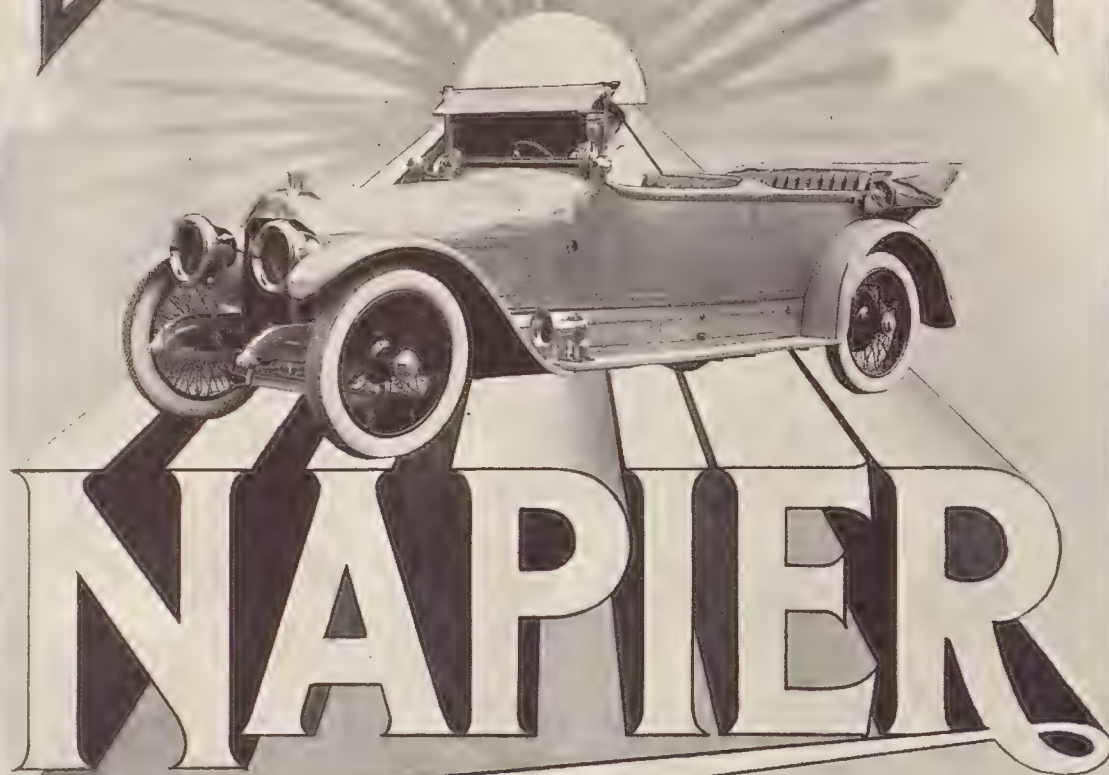
Photograph by Lafayette.



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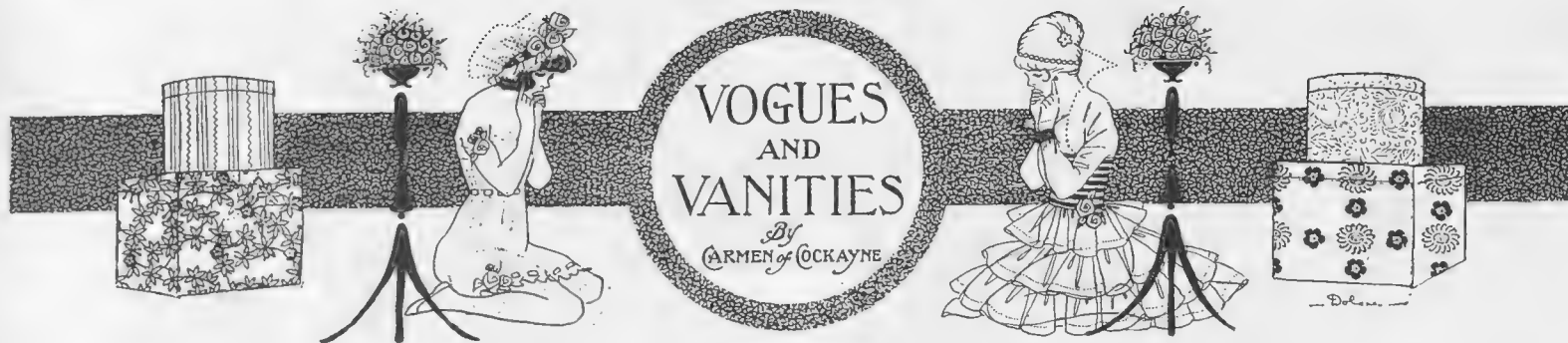
SUCH IGNORANCE !



THE MERCHANT: Wot sort o' people is these 'ere Albanians?

THE LITERARY GENT. (*who once knew an Albino*): Ain't yer never see one? W'ite 'air an' pink eyes.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



### The Lure of the Sales.

The Bible does not tell us why Lot's wife looked back. Probably, if the truth were known, it was the opening day of the Sales in the City of the Plain, and, with true womanly instinct, she was hankering to be among the throng of bargain-hunters. Precisions might argue from her fate that the love of bargains leads to disaster, but the woman of to-day knows better. She at least has had experience enough to realise that your true bargain is its own reward, and no one understands better than she the truth of the adage which says that one never has a good bargain of bad ware. To return to our heroine, there must at least have been some sort of substitute for the modern sale ever since civilisation existed. Woman's instinct to get, not nine-pennyworth for fourpence, but ten guineas' worth for £9 19s. 11½d., is far too deep-rooted not to have demanded satisfaction and got it somehow. It would, however, be quite wrong to imagine that the bargain sale of to-day is merely a hollow concession on the part of the shopkeeper to woman's weakness.

**The Genuine Bargain.** Quite the contrary is the case. Of course, if sales were really the delusions and shams

will believe that these hardy bi-annuals can ever really yield bargains, though every woman by pleasant experience knows otherwise.

### Preparing for Brighter Days.

Probably no sale season has ever been so eagerly anticipated as the one now in progress. One reason of this, of course, was the war, and the "thrift" and "economy" arguments and precepts which have, *ad nauseam*, been thrust down our throats. But another and a more personal reason has to do with the calendar, which points inexorably to the advent of longer and, it is to be hoped, brighter days. But brighter days have the uncomfortable habit of ruthlessly exposing all the weak joints in our armour—or, to be more accurate, our clothes. Now, however patriotic a woman may be, and whatever the sacrifices she is prepared to make for her country, she would most emphatically prefer not to advertise them through the medium of shiny skirts and seams whose pristine freshness and beauty have long since departed. And so it is that all women who have borne the trying burden of an autumn suit through the first half of the winter—for, despite the calendar, the average woman regards November and December as winter for the purposes of dress—are now revelling in the possession, actual or anticipated, of some long-coveted "model" at a figure with which even those most prone to rail at woman's "extravagance" could find no fault.

### The Choice in Furs.

As was hinted last week, furs of every description, from full-length coats to small "slip-through" ermine ties, are the most prominent feature in all the great West End houses. The cautious woman who refrains from buying furs when furs are required for next winter is guilty of the heinous sin of false economy. Those best calculated to judge are unanimous in their opinion that the prominent part played by fur in woman's dress this winter will be continued next year. They are equally emphatic, and speak from a knowledge of the facts, that a further rise in prices is inevitable next season. The point need not be laboured. The wise woman will buy her furs ere the month of January has run its course. In this connection it is wise to bear in mind the fact that first come is best served.

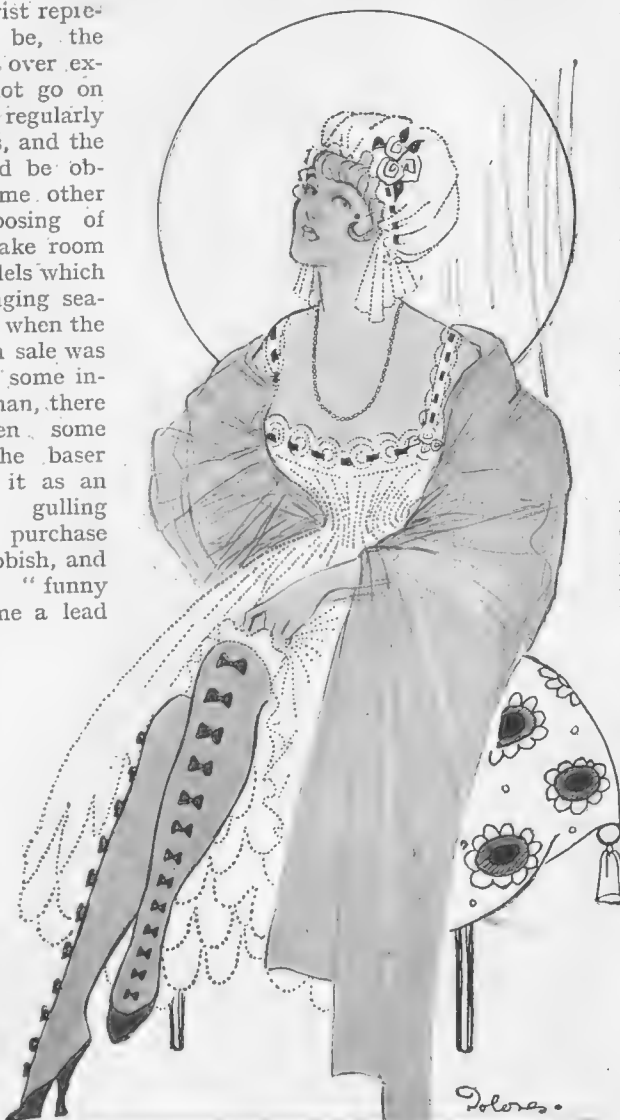
### New Blouse Ideas.

The blouse, always of paramount importance in any scheme of dress, has this year taken to itself many new forms and shapes. Whether merely from love of variety, or on account of the countless activities in which women are engaged, this indispensable garment in its smartest guise now adopts a jersey-like form suggestive of ease and comfort unspeakable. Whatever the reason, the latest type is cut on the lines of a man's sweater, slips over the head, hangs straight below the hips, has a high ruffle of tulle at the back, and long rows of buttons under the arms, while the V-shaped opening at the neck is outlined with fur. The blouse is not the only garment to throw precedent to the winds. The slip-over-head tea-gown is rapidly establishing itself in woman's favour.



A well-dressed head is enhanced by an enormous frill of ribbon.

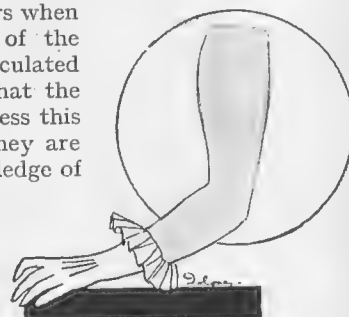
the male humourist represents them to be, the triumph of hope over experience could not go on renewing itself regularly every six months, and the great firms would be obliged to seek some other method of disposing of their stock to make room for the fresh models which usher in the changing seasons. No doubt, when the idea of a bargain sale was first launched by some inspired business man, there may have been some tradesmen of the baser sort who hailed it as an opportunity of gulling women into the purchase of unsaleable rubbish, and thus gave the "funny men" of his time a lead which all their successors have followed with true male conservatism. "Here's the rule for bargains," said one of Dickens's characters: "doother men, for they would do you—that's the true business precept." However true that principle may be of business affairs in general, it certainly does not apply to the winter and summer sales. But then, no man



The last word in chic stockings are these with the graduated ribbon bows to match the colour of the silk.



Chiffon and a handsome lace plastron form the parts of this slip-over-head tea-jacket.



The latest novelty for gloves is the addition of a ribbon frill.



PLUMAGE, BILL !



MR. OSTRICH : Say, Bill ; what's the matter—moulting ?

BILL : No ; the wife's been trimming a new hat.

DRAWN BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE HORRORS OF WAR.

By R. D.

"MEN!" quoth Daphne. "There aren't any! You can't count schoolboys or the 'Friends of Father's Brigade'!"

I mean the ones who give you boxes of chocolates, and expect kisses in payment—'Because I'm old enough to be your father, my dear.' Precious old lambs: I know 'em! It's all very fine for you to sit there looking smug, with girls round you in thousands; but what about me?"

"Well, what about *me*?" I retorted.

"Oh, you!" said Daphne rudely. "My dear Dick, I've known you for about five years. You're about as exciting as last year's hat. You're not a bad old thing, but you can't expect me to find you really thrilling after five whole years—now, can you?"

"No; I suppose not," I admitted. "Still, as I'm neither a schoolboy nor a 'friend of father's,' and physically fit enough to be in Flanders now if the Government would let me go, don't you think, perhaps, you might——?"

"No, I don't," said Daphne firmly. "Dick, I do wish I didn't have to dodge your proposals so often. It gets so boring when you know a man is going to propose every time he sees you!"

"I'm sorry," I murmured.

"Never mind," said Daphne magnanimously. "If only you'll help me find one new man, you can propose once a week if you want to. Oh, Dick, do help me, there's an angel! It really is serious."

"My dear," I said, "I would willingly if I could; but you know as well as I do that all the men I know have gone, and one doesn't meet people easily in these days."

"No," sighed Daphne; "that's true." She dipped her chin in her hands and stared gloomily into space.

"Why don't you talk to your father about it?" I suggested. Daphne giggled.

"I did," she said. "And you should have seen the things he brought home! Oh, my dear! The last one was the limit. Rather pink and plump, and paternally flirtatious. Ogled waitresses and bullied telephone girls, and——" She sat up abruptly, leaving her sentence unfinished.

"Yes?" I encouraged.

"Don't talk to me for a minute," she breathed. "I've got an idea."

"If it's a lonely subaltern, take my advice and don't!" I said quickly. "I once knew a girl who——"

"Oh, but it isn't," said Daphne mysteriously. "It's something

much more original. It's—it's—on, Dick, do go and get me the Telephone Directory, there's a lamb."

"Telephone Directory!" I said, puzzled.

"Yes, yes; Telephone Directory—do be quick!" cried Daphne.

I came back with it, and she snatched it out of my hand and opened it haphazard.

"Just look here," she said triumphantly. "I knew it! Scores of men! Doctors, lawyers, stockbrokers—hundreds of them."

"Yes," I said; "but you don't know them. I don't see how that helps."

"Oh, don't you?" said Daphne. "Well, I do! What's to stop me ringing one of them up and explaining everything, and asking him if we can't meet somewhere just to see if we like the look of each other; and if we do—well, there you are!"

"There you are!" I echoed, aghast. "Not if I know it. I never heard of such a thing. Why, you might get hold of the most priceless boulder, and—well, there are thousands of reasons why you can't!"

"Probably there are," said Daphne firmly; "but I really don't see what it's got to do with you. Even if he was a boulder it wouldn't matter, 'cos I shall suggest we meet at Piccadilly Circus Tube or some place like that, and I could jolly soon get rid of him if I didn't like him."

"But, Daphne," I urged, "your father——"

"Dad won't know if you don't tell him," said Daphne; "and if you do sneak, Dick, it won't do a bit of good, because I shall simply do it the next time I'm out alone. But if you *do* sneak I'll never speak to you again!"

I groaned. Daphne is a woman of her word.

Presently she broke the silence. "What do you think of Eustace Forsythes?" she asked sweetly. "Chambers in Jermyn Street."

"Some young cub who hasn't got the pluck to join, I suppose!" I said bitterly.

"Well, what about James Grantly, solicitor?"

"He'll be one of the 'Friends of Father's Brigade,'" I said maliciously.

"Or Philip Eastwood?" she said, flipping the pages.

"Probably the youngest thing in 'subs' you've met," I said encouragingly.

Daphne looked up, pink with temper.

"Dick, I think you're simply disgusting!" she said angrily. "You don't help me a bit. I'm *going* to do it, so you can make up your mind to it and stop being a pig!"

[Continued overleaf.]



ENGAGED TO MR. DANIEL SPENCER PEPLIE, OF THE 20TH HUSSARS:  
LADY DOROTHY BLIGH, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS  
OF DARNLEY.

Lady Dorothy Violet Bligh was born in 1893. Mr. Peplie is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Peplie, of Underriver, Sevenoaks.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



HELP !



THE LOOK-OUT (*sighting the village chimneys at their work*) : Strike out, Jim ; strike out ! We're saved — there's a bloomin' cruiser an' a destroyer flotilla.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.

After that we sat in silence.

"It's no use," said Daphne at last; "I can't decide—there are so many. What would you do about it?"

"Nothing," I said stiffly.

"Oh yes, you would, if you were me," she retorted. "And, as I can't decide and you won't, I'll leave it to chance. Come here and hold the book a minute."

I came.

Daphne gave the book into my hand, and, drawing a pin from her blouse, shut her eyes tightly.

"Now then!" she said, and, tossing over the leaves, she stuck the pin in firmly, and looked.

"Abel Munro, stockbroker," she read. "Hm, 'Munro' sounds rather nice, but I don't know about the 'Abel.' However, I'll ring up now. Are you coming, Dick?" She rose, and I followed her out of the room.

"I wonder how I'm going to start," she said, picking up the receiver.

"00014 London Wall, please," said Daphne.

Then she suddenly clutched my hand.

"Dick," she said, "I think I'm rather frightened. I don't know a bit what to say. I—oh, dear—Hullo! Is that 00014 London Wall? Oh! Can I speak to Mr. Munro?"

Pause.

"Hullo? . . . Yes. Is that Mr. Munro speaking? . . . Oh—well, I—you—er, yes; I'm trying to tell you what I want. You see, it's like this," said Daphne, in her sweetest tones; "it's war time, and I haven't met any fresh men for ages and ages, and—someone dared me to ring you up—"

"Liar!" I murmured gently.

"And I wondered," said Daphne, ignoring the interruption, "if you aren't married or anything, if it would be possible for us to meet, and—well, see if we liked each other and—What? Oh, how awfully nice of you! . . . Yes! . . . Yes! . . . N-n-no. I think, perhaps, for the first time Piccadilly Tube would be better. . . . Yes? . . . What, now? . . . At once? Yes, I think so. Say, in half-an-hour's time from now. . . . Yes, half-past three . . . all right . . . Oh, yes, I'll be there. Good-b—Oh, wait a minute. Hadn't we better wear a flower or something, so that we shall know each other? . . . Yes . . . a bunch of chrysanthemums? Very well; I'll wear a gardenia. . . . Yes . . . good-bye!"

She hung up the receiver and turned round with a triumphant smile.

"He sounded

a perfect

angel, Dick.

He's got the

nicest voice!

Quite young!

And I've

promised to

meet him in

half-an-hour's

time. I'm

going to dress

now—will

you wait and

see me as far

as Picca-

dilly? I'm

going through

with it, Old

Thing, so it's

no use being

grumpy. Are

you coming

or not?"

"Yes, I

suppose so,"

I groaned.

Twenty

minutes later

Daphne ap-

peared, look-

ing as only

Daphne can

look.

We got

outside, I

hailed a taxi,

and we drove

towards Pic-

cadilly in

silence. We

were almost

there when she put her hand on my arm and said, in coax-

ing tones, "Dick, in case this man should be dreadful, I sup-

pose you wouldn't—"

"Wouldn't what?" I asked.

"Wait in this taxi, so that I could jump in and get away quickly if I wanted to?"

"Look here, Daphne," I pleaded, "do be a brick and give the whole thing up. Let me tell the man to drive to the Carlo, and come and have tea with me instead."

"No, I won't," said Daphne obstinately. "If you don't want to wait, don't—I can manage quite well alone."

"Very well,"

I said; "I'll wait."

As the taxi slowed up, I started to open the door and get out.

"No, don't do

that!" Daphne

said quickly. "It

wouldn't do for

you to be seen.

Sit well back,

and, if I'm not

back in a quarter-

of-an-hour, don't

wait any longer."

Then she got out

and disappeared

into the crowd. I

waited a minute;

then I put my

head out of the

window farthest

from the pave-

ment and told the

chauffeur that, if

the lady came

back, he was to

get away at once

and drive like the

devil until I told

him to stop.

At the end of

two minutes the

door was pulled

open and Daphne

nearly fell in in

her haste.

"Oh, Dick,"

she gasped, "do

let's get away

quick!"

She was very flushed and almost in tears. I hesitated a

second, then, as the taxi drew away, I slipped my arm round

her shoulders.

"What happened, old girl?" I asked gently.

She turned and buried her face in my shoulder. Thank the Lord

for small hats! . . .

Presently, when we came to the surface to breathe for a minute,

she told me what had happened.

"I got out," she said, "and walked through, looking for a man

with a bunch of chrysanthemums, but I didn't see anyone, so I

went and stood by the bookstall and looked about. Then I felt

someone touch my arm, and looked round, and—and—well, there

stood my bunch of chrysanthemums." She stopped.

"Was he an awful cad?" I asked sympathetically.

"N-n-no," said Daphne, with a suspicious catch in her voice.

"You see, it wasn't Mr. Munro at all."

"Not Mr. Munro!" I ejaculated. "How do you know whether

it was or not?"

"Well, it appears he didn't answer the 'phone himself. It was

one of the clerks. Anyway, Dick, it doesn't matter, 'cos I'm going

to marry you, after all."

There was an interlude. Then I said to Daphne, "Was he very

beastly to you? What did he say exactly?"

"That, on account of the war, Mr. Munro had taken

special helpers into his office," replied Daphne in a muffled

voice.

"Yes; but you asked to speak to Mr. Munro himself," I said,

puzzled.

"Yes, I know," said Daphne; "but, through some fool at the

other end, I got on to one of the special helpers—in fact, the one

who met me and—"

"Yes?" I said.

"Well, it happened to be Mr. Munro's wife," said Daphne.

THE END.



A NURSE AT EGGINTON HALL, DERBYSHIRE:  
MISS YVONNE FITZROY, ONLY DAUGHTER OF  
SIR ALMERIC FITZROY.

Miss Fitzroy is the only daughter of Sir Almeric Fitzroy, Clerk of the Privy Council since 1898. From the beginning of the war, she has been nursing at Egginton Hall, Derbyshire. She returned to town for a well-deserved rest recently, but arranged to take up her Red Cross work again immediately after Christmas.

Photograph by Hoppé.



IN MISS LILY ELSIE'S PLACE AT HIS MAJESTY'S: MISS  
VIOLET GRAHAM, WHO IS PLAYING MAVOURNEEN.

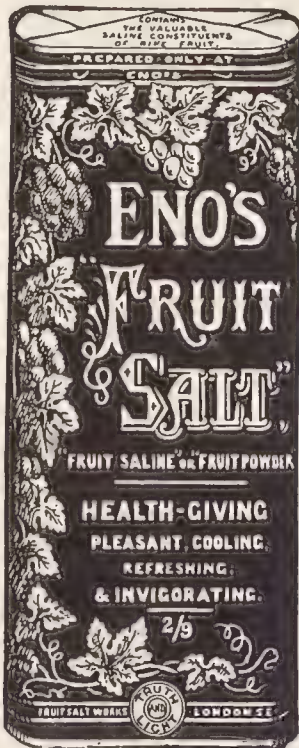
In the earlier days of "Mavourneen," Miss Lily Elsie played the title-rôle, giving her salary to war-charities. Owing to a severe chill, she is now out of the cast, and her place is taken by Miss Violet Graham.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

there when she put her hand on my arm and said, in coaxing tones, "Dick, in case this man should be dreadful, I suppose you wouldn't—"



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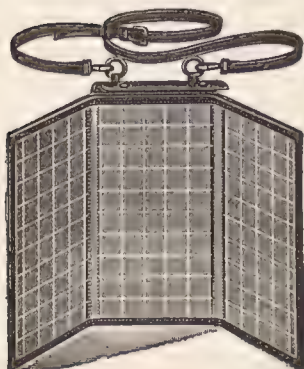
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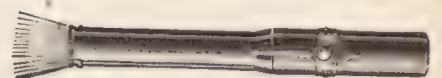
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From the Commanding Officer of a 1914 Battle Cruiser.

"I should like to express to you the very grateful thanks of my ship's company for your most acceptable gift of OXO which you have so kindly sent for their use. Your present, I can assure you, will be much appreciated."

From the Captain of a 1914 Dreadnought.

"I have to thank you most sincerely for a gift of 6 boxes containing OXO received to-day. I need hardly say that it will be highly appreciated."

The particular letters quoted here were received by the Editor, "Popular Science Siftings," 123, Fleet Street, London, E.C., through whose Fund gifts of OXO have been, and are being, sent to the Navy and to the Army.

From the Commander of a 33 Knot Destroyer.

"The ship's company of H.M.S. . . . are most grateful for the gift of OXO. I need hardly say that OXO is a most suitable gift for the crew of a torpedo boat destroyer in Winter."

\* \* \*

From the Lieut.-Commander of a 30 Knot Destroyer.

"Lieut.-Commander . . . has asked me to write to express the very grateful thanks of his ship's company to you and your readers for your very kind and acceptable gifts of OXO. This is very much appreciated on board, especially during the night-watches."

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sending them**

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IN THE BRITISH TRENCHES—NORTHERN FRANCE.

**PRIVATE S. FLATEN**  
**Bedfordshire Regiment**  
**British Expeditionary Force**

"I have suffered with Rheumatism and Debility for over a year now, and have been in hospital in England for nine weeks, and although discharged as cured, I was no better. A friend of mine suggested my trying Phosferine, it having cured him of the same complaint. I have been using Phosferine for some months now since I have been in France, and although I have been having a fearful time of it lately, the trenches being up to my waist in mud and water, I am none the worse, thanks to your wonderful medicine, which is the finest tonic for the nerves and general weakness caused through exposure that all troops undergo in the field."

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Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
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The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.



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The law-abiding citizen doesn't mind the arm of the Law holding him up—in traffic. What he objects to, and rightly, is the long arm of tyre-trouble holding him up when he should be enjoying his motoring. If you want complete immunity from tyre trouble,

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## WOMAN'S WAYS

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Some Advantages  
of War-Time.

The social advantages of war-time are so many and obvious that it is doubtful whether, at the advent of peace, we shall ever go back again to the dull ritual of so-called Amusement, with all its attendant personal sacrifices. M. Jean Coquelin, in his heyday, used to give a diverting monologue called "La Vie," in which the misery of those who pursue social ambitions was candidly depicted. I fancy that for many of us what is technically called "going out" or "showing oneself" has already become a forgotten rite. For one of the surprises of war-time has been the cessation of all tedious customs and practices. The horrible shibboleth of "cutlet for cutlet" has vanished, and people ask you to dine because they want to see you, and not because they have a lively expectation of being asked back within a fortnight. The cutlet-for-cutlet theory involved abysses of boredom from which we now shrink. One can foresee, too, that the huge "crush," or evening party, will no longer be considered indispensable to our civilisation, for men and women will find a better use for their time than putting on tiaras and stars, and elbowing each other on impassable staircases. Now, too, there are no deadly "calls" to pay, and into desuetude may this *corvée* also fall. In short, I should not be surprised if, after the war, English people determined to amuse themselves, not in hordes, but in more individual fashion; and that the rigid routine of a London season will be a relic of the past, to be viewed only in Edwardian memoirs.

Russian  
Girl-Soldiers.

In that curious and well-written book, "An Englishman in the Russian Ranks"—which rumour assigns to a famous author—there is evidence of the number of Russian women who are allowed to serve as combatants. In every great war there have been feminine persons who have been lured by the excitement of battle into the fighting line; but they have been exceptions, and, as such, have received much notice in history. "The Englishman" tells us that there are "numbers" of females serving in the Russian armies, many of them as officers. He himself saw quite a score of them. One lady (who must have been a brilliant horsewoman) was actually a Colonel of Cossacks—a proud eminence which would have satisfied that boyish adventurer R. L. Stevenson himself. These young Amazons, it appears, have little of Brünnhilde about them. They look, he says, like big, lanky, raw-boned boys, with pale oval faces, "pudding" features, and dark hair. They enlist as men; but, when their sex is discovered, the easy tolerance of the Muscovite for what has been already accomplished prevails to let them remain in the ranks. And it is not only in Russia that woman has taken to the rifle and bayonet, for on Gallipoli some of the most deadly Turkish "snipers" turned out to be Fatimas and Zuleikas.

Woman to be a  
Variegated Species.

We are at last beginning to see—and it has taken Armageddon to bring about the consummation—that women can no longer be dumped together under one generic term, and that they are, on the whole, perhaps more pleasingly diverse than men. We used to talk irreverently of "a parcel of women" when we should never have alluded in that fashion to an assemblage of male persons. We knew that there were different kinds of men—that Mr. Micawber would not have made an ideal Premier in a gigantic war, that Rawdon Crawley should not be a Staff Officer, and that Harold Skimpole would not make an ideal Chancellor of the Exchequer. But, in theory, women were only allowed one characteristic—that of their sex; and by this rule they were naturally shut out from all participation in serious matters—except in indirect fashion.

ELIA HEPWORTH DIXON.

When "R. G."  
Came to London.

R. G. Knowles discovered London, by way of Liverpool, on the 8th of June, 1891; and London discovered him, by way of the Trocadero, on the 13th. In the bill also on that momentous date were, among others, George Beauchamp and Charles Chaplin, descriptive singer and father of Charlie Chaplin of film fame. "R. G.'s" number went up, and he walked on. His first few minutes were trying. He found the audience deep down in their chairs, uninterested. "I started to work," he writes, "and was going at top speed; point after point shot from my tongue, but apparently missed the ears of the audience, for all they did was once in a while look at each other and smile in a queer sort of way, as though they did not know whether to pity me or themselves. And so it went on until at least five of the ten minutes allowed me had been consumed." At that critical stage, enter a waiter balancing a tray with two glasses of champagne upon it. Knowles realised his chance. Deliberately he imitated the man's every movement, exaggerating ingeniously. The audience saw, and appreciated, and laughed.

He Begins  
Again.

"Now," said Knowles, "that we understand each

other, I will leave the stage. Mr. Eaton will play the introduction, and I will come on just the same, as if nothing had happened." So it was—so the comedian came on, told the very stories he had already told, and was recalled again and again. "At the end of thirty-eight minutes," he notes, "I hung out the number of the 'turn' that followed me, and had to make a speech." Surely, one of the most curious of "first nights."

From "Dead Man to Artist." From this, it may be judged that Mr. Knowles was an old and cool hand. No wonder. He had won a success on new lines, and from strange beginnings. When he was a youngster, serving in a store in Chicago, a doctor gave him six months to live. He went on the road, "tramping" in search of health, with a donkey as general carrier, and slept under the stars. Strength came to him in the open, and before long he was well enough to enter the new Eldorado, Silver City, commonly called Leadville, and appear at the local "variety theatre." "I managed to amuse the audience in a mild way," he says, "and at the end of the week Mr. Nuttall handed me twenty-five dollars—this in addition to the money which had been thrown upon the stage to me at each performance—so for that week's work I received in all over fifty dollars." There began the road to fame, and many experiences.

One from the  
Gods.

Audiences, too, were dangerous at times. Mr. Knowles was on

tour as Muldoon in the Irish farce, "Muldoon's Picnic." At a certain town in New Brunswick came a warning that the Irish there would object. All went well—the comic Irishmen having been edited—until a donkey who appeared in the play failed to materialise. Mr. Knowles began to explain and apologise. "A howl of execration went up all over the house," he writes, "and at the same moment every head in the gallery disappeared. Cries of 'Fraud,' 'Swindlers,' etc., came from above and below; but as a row of heads in the gallery returned to their normal positions, one voice rang out clear and strong above the rest: 'Give him a chance! Give him a chance!'" At last all was well. "Visiting the theatre next day," continues the comedian, "I was curious as to the cause of those disappearing heads, and my curiosity carried me up to the gallery, where I found the floor strewn with tons of iron ore, in small heaps, which would have been very convenient to throw, but very inconvenient to dodge."—Most decidedly a very entertaining book, to read and read again.

"A Modern Columbus: His Voyages, His Travels, His Discoveries." By R. G. Knowles (T. Werner Laurie; 7s. 6d. net.)



OWNER OF THE NEWBURY RACE-COURSE; A DESCENDANT OF A GREAT QUAKERESS; AND A RED CROSS NURSE IN FRANCE: MRS. LLOYD BAXENDALE.

Mrs. Baxendale, who has just been home from France on a short holiday, but has now returned to take up her work as a Red Cross nurse, is a great-granddaughter of the famous Quakeress, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, and is owner of the Newbury Race-course. She lives at Greenham Lodge, Newbury.





Dunlop: I can't offer you a drink in these teetotal days, but I can offer you some advice.

The Youngster: What's that?

Dunlop: Believe in other people's experience occasionally instead of always buying your own.

The Youngster: You mean?

Dunlop: Follow the Motor Transport Officers' lead. They always put "Dunlops preferred" on their requisitions and think themselves lucky if they get them.

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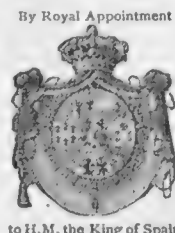
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# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## Fact or Fiction.

To give an inadequate or unstimulating supply of fact is to let loose fiction, and assuredly there are no bounds to the activities of rumour just now. If I were to indicate even a tithe of the things I hear openly discussed, I might look forward to a compulsory rest-cure—which might be no bad thing in these strenuous days, and certainly an economy. My editor's opinion would be a different matter: what would the boys at the fronts and on the fleets do to me if *The Sketch* were not forthcoming to cheer them? I was lunching the other day at a well-known restaurant with a friend who never speaks unless he has something to say. Consequently, we were rather a reflective couple. Quite near was a luncheon-party of six young people. During their meal they disposed of the reputations of Generals, Admirals, Ministers, and other notables, settled that we had lost masses of possible victories through incapacity; and decided, with much relief, that the only thing to be thankful for was that the Germans had done worse. "Mercy on us," said my quiet friend when we were in the privacy of his car, "if those irresponsible young idiots were in any country but ours, with this war going on, they *would* have a hot time of it!"

## A Sale of Sales.

There is not much longer to profit by the opportunity for securing splendid value offered by the stock-taking sale at Debenham and Freebody's fine big establishment in Wigmore Street, because it lasts only this week. Often, however, the best and most sensational bargains are at the last. A fur-lined motor-coat in tweed, the lining of good quality squirrel lock, and with a fur collar, for 59s. 6d. is a bargain; a smart fur coat in pin-point lamb, white, grey, or mole colour, or black pony-skin coats, for 7½ guineas are value quite out of the common. Afternoon gowns are wonderful value; those which sold freely from 5½ to 10½ guineas are now being cleared away at 98s. 6d. each. Sports coats are always useful, and at this sale are in extraordinary variety and of wonderful value; those which sold at from 39s. 6d. to 8 guineas are sold now at four special prices—10s. 6d., 21s., 29s. 6d., 39s. 6d. Pure cashmere knitted coats, loose-fitting and light in weight, are reduced from 84s. to 63s. There are bargains to be had in tailor-made shirts and dainty blouses; while in smart rest-gowns the value and the variety of choice are very great—a satin tea-gown with a petticoat of ivory lace and with chiffon sleeves is offered for 98s. 6d. There are bargains in gloves; the well-known and splendidly wearing "Velbuck" gloves, usually costing 5s. 6d., are now 4s. 9d. a pair. Into whatever department the shopper goes at Debenham and Freebody's, there are always exceptional bargains to be had at this sale, which is a record one for value.

## The Man and the Girl.

Men like the new modes very much—they say they look so perky and so impertinent; and they like the importance of the sticky-out coats, and the neatness of the understandings, and the captivatingness of the collars, and the jaunty set of the hats; and they love the prim little way women walk, and they think little women look just as nice in the latest silhouette lines as tall women! I have collected all this from a happy warrior whose good time ended last Saturday, when he went off again to that "somewhere" which, he says, is only a wee bit better than nowhere. His opinions were backed, for all they were worth, by a pal of his who has been rolling about on the North Sea for a few months, and had forgotten what a duck a smart little girl looked. Only for the pictures in *The Sketch*, which he asked for directly he got in a port, he might have expected the old attenuated, flowing-veiled, depressed,

wrung-out-looking girls that were slipping about like Japs when he was last ashore. He liked them; oh, of course he liked them—a fellow had to like girls however he found them; but these new girls were the cruisers for him. He felt inclined to talk to every one of them he met, they looked so jolly. His military pal said that, as a matter of fact, he had put less curb on that inclination than was agreeable to a steady-going, shy companion. They had a great time of it, those two, for six days; now one is in the bowels of the earth, and the other in the trough of the sea; but they have their memories and their *Sketch* girls!

**A National Fund.** The "Thunderer"—once upon a time that was the pet name of a great newspaper—says, "Our Fund for the sick and wounded has now reached over three millions." The aid in the way of splendid publicity given by that powerful journal has indeed been invaluable; but it is assuredly, too, Our Fund, the great big, generous British Public's Fund. Everybody has subscribed to the British Red Cross and the Association of

St. John of Jerusalem, and everybody will subscribe; and, after all, while our men are out getting hurt and maimed and sick to keep us here in comfort, it is our privilege to subscribe. And, dear "Thunderer," do not think that your own part—a very good and useful part, no doubt—is not appreciated; but all the Press helped the Red Cross and St. John of Jerusalem; "Our Day" helped, theatres helped, there is no one that has not helped, and I am sure that everyone wishes to see credit given all round, both to the Press and the Public. The crowning fact is that the effort has been a splendid success.

**Poor Mr. McKenna.** The Chancellor of the Exchequer would

have many shocks just now, if he were about in the big West End shops. He would see a man buy his wife a fur coat at 60 guineas: he would see a lady buy a solitaire diamond ring at £450; or an affluent pair purchase a motor-car at £650, and run it up to nearly four figures in extras; or, in a different class, men buying sets of furs for their women at six guineas to ten guineas; women buying fur-lined coats for their men, who had never dreamed of such possessions; really good jewellery being purchased freely; in fact, people spending with an enjoyment born of novelty. I'm afraid the Chancellor would have so many shocks, that the mere piano would sink into insignificance—which he quoted as being a useless luxury, purchased because a neighbour possessed one. If an Englishman's home is his castle, his purse of earned money is his keep! The Germans may get them—he hopes not; but a Chancellor of the Exchequer receiving

£5000 a year is not, the British workman thinks, in a position to begrudge him a musical instrument as good as his neighbour's. After all, there was an old lady who was asked what make of piano she preferred; and who replied that she didn't care a snap as long as it was a really handsome piece of furniture! She would add now, "And not of German make."



WITH BLANKET-STITCH AS A TRIMMING: A COUNTRY FROCK.

A useful costume made of grey tweed ornamented with coarse blanket-stitch in green wool. The lower half of the coat, which is very full, is joined to the other part with piping cords made of tweed and weighted with wool tassels. A large green silk knitted scarf is worn as a finish to this costume.





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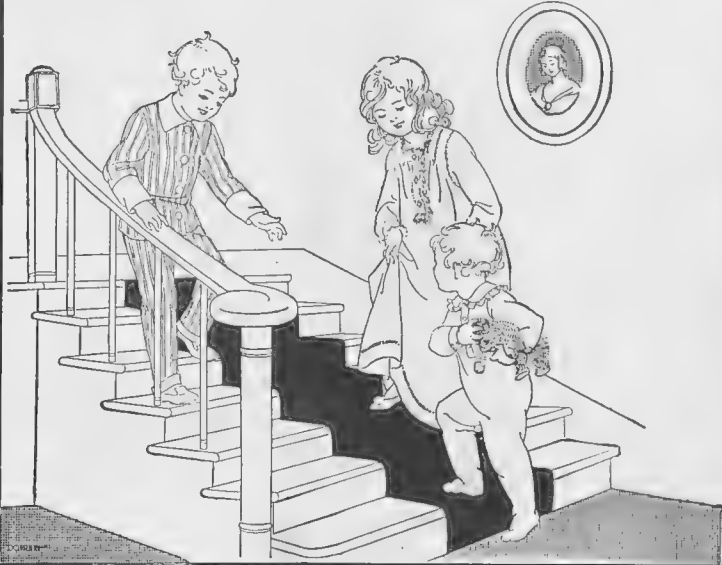
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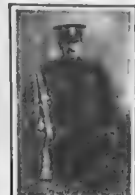
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# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

TO HOOT, OR NOT TO HOOT? A SLOUGH OF DESPOND: THE LITTLE THINGS.

## The Hooter Nuisance.

Among the phrases which have stuck in my memory since my schooldays is one to the effect that "Hasty generalisation is the bane of science." Some of the people who have been writing to the *Times* on the subject of motor-horns at night would have done well, I think, to bear that apophthegm in mind. It is perfectly true, one may readily admit, that the taxi-driver is a chartered libertine who used his hooter arrogantly in peace time, and continues to do so now;

public, and the law, by sounding a horn at times, and, under the present lighting restrictions, with frequency and reiteration.

**A Road to Avoid.** For some reason or other, the main Oxford Road through Ealing and Uxbridge has been allowed to get into an almost hopeless state, and I never remember seeing anything so vile in the way of disrepair on a classic thoroughfare. From Ealing to Gerrard's Cross it resembles one long series of solitaire boards, the pot-holes being all over the road on both sides of the tram-lines. The latter, moreover, have sunk to a depth which, in wet weather, leaves continuous sheets of water, through which the tram-cars "splurge" and throw up waves two feet in height. An alternative route which may be chosen with advantage is to Slough, and thence cross over to Beaconsfield through Farnham Royal.

## American Fittings.

The average American car of moderately good class—something better, I mean, than the Ford or other runabouts—is fairly well provided with the little things that go to make comfort for the driver and his passengers. Several things, indeed, are fitted as standard which are wanting on even a high-class European car, unless ordered and paid for as extras, among them being a rail for rugs, and another as a foot-rest; a dashboard fitting for tickling the carburetter, or for closing an air-slide; and a cover for the hood. I was driving the other day, however, on a Transatlantic vehicle which, while including the foregoing, fell considerably short of the ideal in one particular detail, and that was the arrangement of the hood. This was fitted with side-curtains which, conveniently enough, were made to run on slack wires, and could be easily unfurled or furled. Unfortunately, however, they were far too short as to their extension, in marked contrast to the English type, which come right up to the front screen. It happened that the weather was extremely wild, and to deluges of rain succeeded a violent storm of hail. The wind was directly on our beam over a very long distance, and when crossing a high moor the rain was driven into the car by a violent wind in practically horizontal lines. My fellow-passenger at the front received the full force of the tempest, and was simply



WHERE MOTOR-VEHICLES HAD TO CLAIM HELP FROM DRAFT OXEN: A BRITISH AMBULANCE PARTY IN DIFFICULTIES DURING THE SERBIAN RETREAT.

During the Serbian retreat, a party of British nurses and Red Cross attendants made for Salonika with their motor-wagon. Owing to the bogged state of the road in places where it crossed mountain streams, oxen from the nearest farms or peasant villages had to be requisitioned to haul the car through the water.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

but it is altogether unfair either to regard the private car-owner as in the same class or to ignore the special circumstances of the time. Yet Sir Henry Morris, for one, has committed himself to the opinion that "the motor-horn is used night and day not primarily to protect pedestrians, but to clear the road that motorists may keep up speed and have an excuse in the event of doing damage by reckless driving. Hooting is rarely, if ever, a requisite for safety."

## An Unqualified Denial.

As one who has driven regularly in London for nigh two decades, I am bound to meet this allegation with an absolute negation. Even if applied to daylight traffic, the assertion that "hooting is rarely, if ever, a requisite for safety" is absurdly sweeping and contrary to fact. Any respectable driver, indeed, would be only too glad if he had never to use the horn at all, and in actual practice he only sounds it in circumstances of absolute necessity. But where night-time is concerned, under present conditions in the Metropolis, such circumstances are frequent, all but perpetual. Driving in London nowadays after dark is a task to try the strongest nerves, even when one has no other thought in mind than to behave considerately to others on the road and to reach one's destination without mishap. Taking leave to doubt if Sir Henry Morris ever drove a car himself or can even boast a lengthy experience as a motoring passenger, I challenge him to take a seat at the front of an open car driven by any one of his friends whom he knows to be skilled, careful, and considerate, and then try if a journey across London by night can be accomplished without a more than occasional use of the horn. The thing is impossible—unless, of course, the driver resorts to shouting; and even if it were not impossible it would be wholly illegal, for the law demands that audible warning be given *every time* a driver is overtaking another vehicle or person. Many a man, moreover, has been fined in the old cycling days and in the motoring era alike for not giving warning when his only object was to avoid annoyance. With those who suffer under excessive and needless trumpeting, and hustling tactics generally, one may have every sympathy, but the fact remains that the most kindly of drivers must do his duty to himself, the

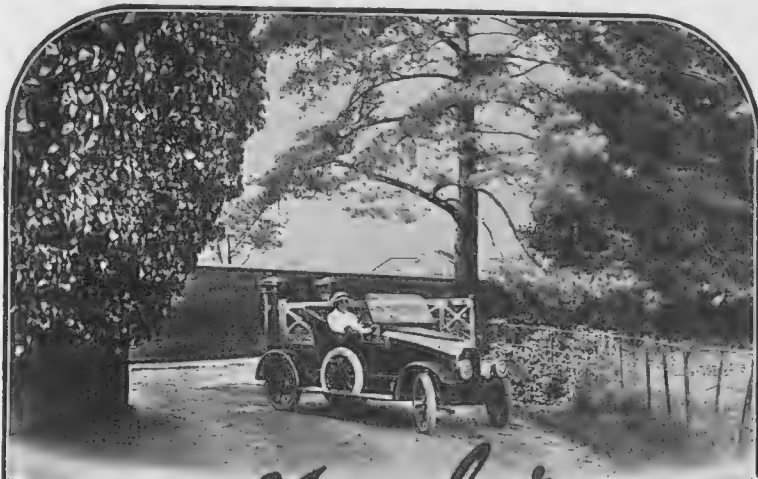


HOW THE WORLD WENT TO GATWICK BY MOTOR: THE MANY CARS IN WAITING DURING THE RACING.

The great gathering of motor-cars at the recent Gatwick Meeting was a sight all who were there will not forget for a long time. Owing to the curtailment of railway facilities under existing war-conditions, motor travelling to the course was the only way of getting to Gatwick with certainty—also it was the first time the experiment was tried. It proved very successful.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

soaked as well as buffeted by hailstones. Now, if the side-curtains had been of the length fitted to the Cape-cart hood as usually made in this country, the major effects of the storm would have been overcome. I may add that the curtains did not adequately protect even the rear portion of the car, for we found at the end of the journey that the back seats, which were unoccupied, were quite wet, as also was the luggage on the floor.





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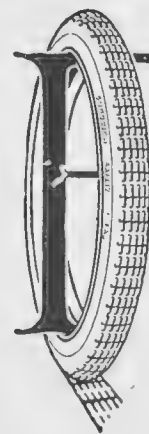


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## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

### "The Honey of Romance."

BY MAUD CHURTON BRABY.  
(Werner Laurie.)

How the English jib, Mrs. Braby remarks *en passant*, at the word love and its expression in serious literature! You may sing passionate phrases in a complacent drawing-room, which would empty it if you spoke them. "Love is a subject for laughing and sex for shame." And this appears strange if pondered in English lanes or along beautiful English river-banks, but will be better understood by recalling the Albert Memorial; or the fate of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," or Wilde's misery, or Nelson's daughter dying in poverty. Very courageously in the face of this observation Mrs. Braby has written a serious and sympathetic book all about love. The rose in its second blooming falls to the lure of youth and beauty, which is another way of saying that Mrs. Robert Trevor, wife of a successful publisher and mother of his nineteen-year-old son; is deliciously and fatally bowled over by Dorian De la Pasque, poet, and her junior by ten years. Fortunately, she had the justification that Mr. Robert Trevor, in his own less exalted and less finished way, was doing exactly the same thing with a fluffy-haired "reader" whom he had discovered in Kensington. And yet it is certain that without that justification Ernestine would have gone the same road with her Golden Boy. It may seem a dangerous precedent to give a sympathetic send-off to a couple whom the years have made stale, each for the other, as they fly apart. But it is certain that such storms do rage, and that they are irresistible in any satisfactory sense. Therefore a really understanding statement of such a case will be nothing but a help to those who wish to be *en rapport* with humanity and its problems. Laws we must have to help regulate the emotions for the common weal; but man, and, above all, woman, is stronger than law sometimes. "The Honey of Romance" is written with candour, with dignity, and with plenty of skilful relief in the way of its minor characters. The writing and publishing world of London is likely to be a world of interest, and it makes a good show in Mrs. Braby's hands.

### "Zeppelin Nights."

BY VIOLET HUNT AND  
FORD MADDOX HUEFFER.  
(Bodley Head.)

Those silken reservoirs filled with hate" advancing, in the imaginations of the authors of this book, like great moony pearls, advancing towards England—to punish her for being England—seem to have got on people's nerves, Hampstead way. Enough, at least, to furnish the excuse for a modern Decameron. "They," or perhaps "she" (for the Zeppelin is a Night Hag as well as a moony pearl) would ride, experience taught, before two of the morning; it became the habit to sit up till two, and the little embowered roof-garden where they sat up—in Kensington, by the way—held a frequenter who was in reach of his bureau and, therefore, of his manuscripts. That is how Serapion Hunter had the luck to hold the floor every night in a circle where each was intelligent enough to do little things of their own; but living in London and in the twentieth century had needs unknown to the old Florentine story-tellers of bureaux and manuscripts. Serapion had a black beard and distinction and style, and he told a series of sketchy tales with reference to world-progress

generally. He began with one of an alien slave in Athens who cursed the messenger from the battlefield of Marathon because his bleeding feet had upset a basket of figs. Too topical, Serapion's audience declared, all that stuff about aliens and naturalisation; but before he had finished, the stories were declaimed in the little Queen's Hall, while vicomtesses gathered in money for Belgian refugees. The public need to have its mind "taken off" the certainties of the casualty lists or the possibilities of Zepps. may be met in several ways. It all depends upon the mind. Portions of it repair to George Robey; others drink *cassis* (after 9.30) at the Café Royal; the Serapion Hunter lot comforted themselves by glimpses of Cromwell or Napoleon dying, of Pepys and Evelyn chatting among ruins of the Plague in old St. Paul's, of the first steam-ship, of leaden

pipes, of shining armour, of faggots and martyrs. With such themes "they lost the feeling of the immense strain; the feeling of the immense city under the immense strain that lay all around them." One is sure that if they didn't all possess black beads—remembering tender Candour Viola and her mother, one opines not—they did undoubtedly possess distinction and style. And then one Thursday there came a stranger, "very dark, with rather a brutal chin and an unintelligent, but masterful expression. It was, of course, Serapion." A seventy-fourer and, therefore, forty-one, he had told a gallant lie, and they had jumped at him. Serapion would be a soldier, and had enlisted. "All that power of words," as Candour mourned, used to stop a bullet! Yet, distinction and style nevertheless, Serapion will get his loudest cheers as Tommy, shaved and unintelligent.

### "Penelope's Postscripts."

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.  
(Hodder and Stoughton.)

Penelope literature is written with an eye—with two eyes and the entire mind—fixed on the New England young person. This is how a really nice girl should take European travel. The educational element in Switzerland; the picturesque in Venice; such a good joke, still perfectly "nice," to enclose the quaint nomenclature of Wales; an essay on the pretty pastoral of Devon; and a fragrance of romance, exactly the quality and quantity that a nicely brought-up girl should be allowed, tucked between the pages like a sachet of lavender. The last chapter discloses Penelope, home again, merged into Mrs. William Hunt Beresford, and immensely pleased with herself in the varied rôles of painter, writer, wife, and mother. In her, the young person may perceive the apotheosis of niceness; a citizen of the world Penelope claimed to be with her "roving foot and knowledge of three languages," yet mindful to exhort her three "beautiful" children that the soul must retain the characteristic of its race, the heart be true to its own country, even to its own parish. Such a blameless attitude towards home and travel disarms criticism though it leave the heart cold. Penelope will certainly revisit Yarrow—that is to say, Europe and the British Isles—with her perfectly conducted husband and offspring; her return, in accordance with principle, will be timed for Thanksgiving Day; and there will be further naïve postscripts written for the same naïve young person.



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A few days ago Miss Doris Keane celebrated the hundredth performance of "Romance" in London. Curiously enough, on the same date, she played La Cavallini in that piece for the one-thousandth time.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE new play at the St. James's, "The Basker," by Clifford Mills, is rather an unsophisticated affair—a pretty story of a gentleman of forty who became a Duke against his will, and persisted for four acts in arranging for the marriage of a girl he loved to a man she disliked because he thought it was his duty to go about making other people happy. The other man was a shocking fellow, a fellow who wanted the girl only for her money, who pawned a diamond tiara which he was intended to give to her, who carried on an intrigue with a married woman right up to the day before his wedding. A shocking fellow who was found out in simple, obvious ways; yet the Duke persisted in trusting him, despite all appearances, merely for the sake of keeping the play alive. Sir George Alexander bore up manfully through three hours of forced cheerfulness and good-humour, sacrificing his own feelings at every turn, and most obstinately refusing to see anything of the truth. In fact, it was an exasperating kind of play, and tested severely the goodwill which one feels towards all efforts to keep the serious theatres going. A redeeming feature was a vigorous and distinguished study by Miss Geneviève Ward of an old and proud Dowager Duchess who tried to keep her grandson up to the family standard of self-help. This was a fine piece of acting in the best style of the old school, of which Miss Ward has been a prominent exponent ever since most of us can remember; and, if for nothing else, "The Basker" will be remembered for having brought her back again to the stage. Otherwise, there was but little for the players to do; but Miss Hilda Moore, Miss Ellen O'Malley, and Mr. Leon Quartermaine made the most of small parts.

There is no need to describe the familiar contents of the "Royal Blue Book" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.), of which the new edition for the first half of 1916 has now been published. It is sufficient to say that this handy little directory of inner London is as useful as ever. It is now in its 94th year, and the present is the 188th issue.

Not to know "Who's Who" is to argue oneself unknown; but for more practical and less personal reasons "Who's Who, 1916" (A. and C. Black; 15s.) is a positive necessity for all who are other than hermits, and to whom a knowledge of personalities of the period is something more than desirable. This wonderful volume

of current and concise biographies refers to more than 25,000 men and women of the day, all of whom have "done something" or "are somebody" of sufficient importance to make them of interest to their fellows. With this volume is a smaller one, equally indispensable, "Who's Who Year-Book, 1916" (A. and C. Black; 1s.), in which a host of valuable information is given by means of which institutions, from the Houses of Parliament downwards, and many associations, societies, and so on, can be found and members traced, say, by their constituencies or official positions, though their names may have been for the moment forgotten. The two books make a very comprehensive guide to places and persons of the day.

Those who wish to increase their knowledge of Belgian art, and at the same time contribute to the Belgian Red Cross and other Belgian war charities, should make haste to obtain a copy of "Belgian Art in Exile." The volume is well worth having for its own sake. It is issued from the offices of *Colour* at 5s. net, and contains a large number of examples of work by well-known Belgian artists reproduced in colour, and some in half-tone, together with a few poems in French by Belgian writers, with metrical versions in English. As pictorial introduction there is a frontispiece, in colour, by a famous British painter, Mr. Frank Brangwyn, called "Mater Dolorosa Belgica." The Belgian work shows a wide variety of style and subject, and high artistic quality. Some of the most interesting are the exiled artists' impressions of English scenes and pictures of places now in the theatre of war. The half-tone plates include photographs of some fine examples of Belgian sculpture. Among the numerous painters and sculptors represented are Alfred Bastien, Emile Claus, Jean Delville, Emile Fabry, Herman Richir, Comte Jacques de Lalaing, Egide Rombeaux, and Thomas Vincotte.

In the new edition of "Burke's Peerage" for 1916 (Harrison and Sons) is enshrined the magnificent record of the British nobility during the past year of war. "The plan of this work," writes Mr. Ashworth P. Burke in his preface, "has enabled the editor to preserve a permanent record of the losses in battle, which have left no family unscathed, and of the honours which have been won by heads and cadets of our noble houses." The new "Burke" deals in the text with all successions and extinctions up to Jan. 1, 1916, and claims to be the only "Peerage" which brings the record of 1915 to date. It even includes, in the appendix, the pedigree of Viscount French of Ypres, though he could not be included among the Peers until the letters patent had passed the Great Seal.

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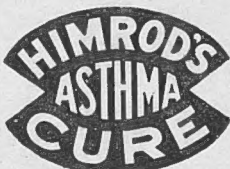
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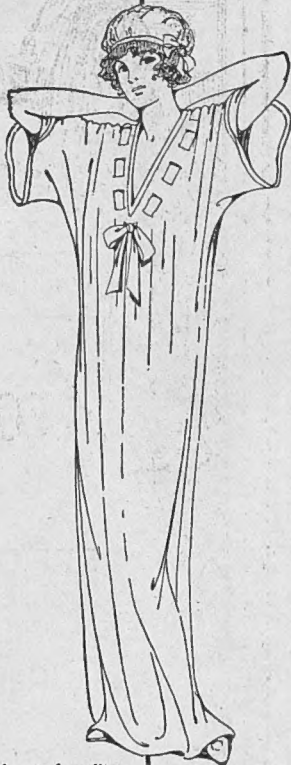
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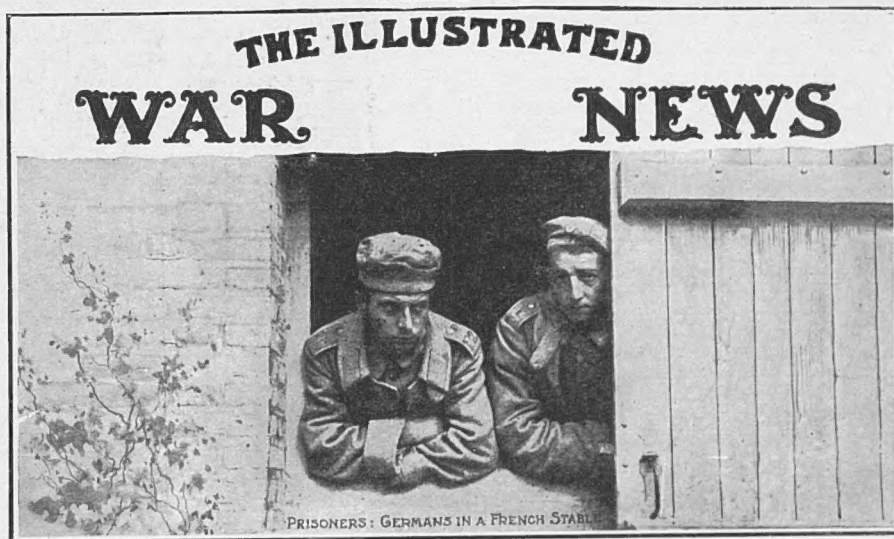
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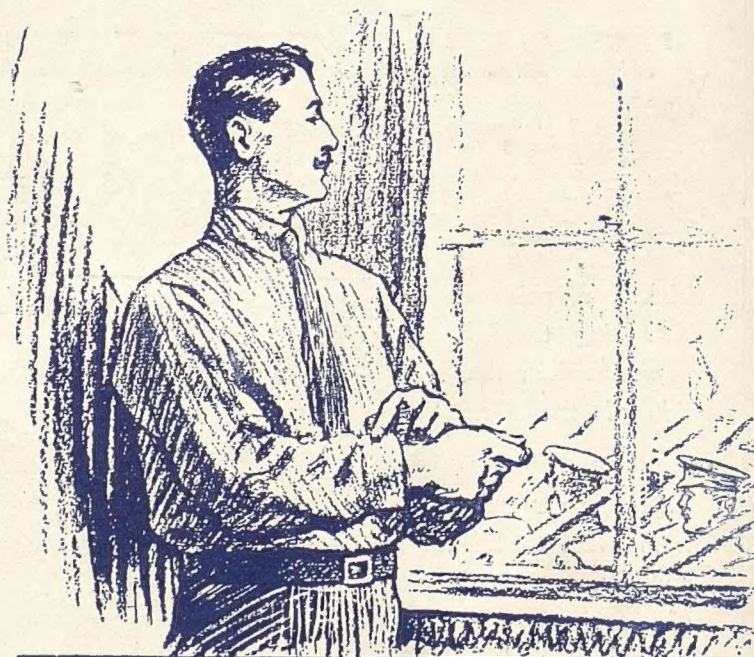
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